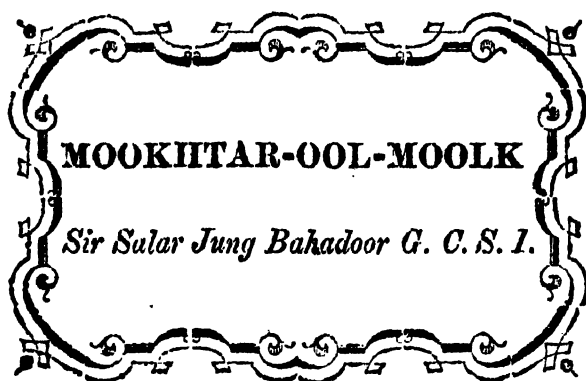
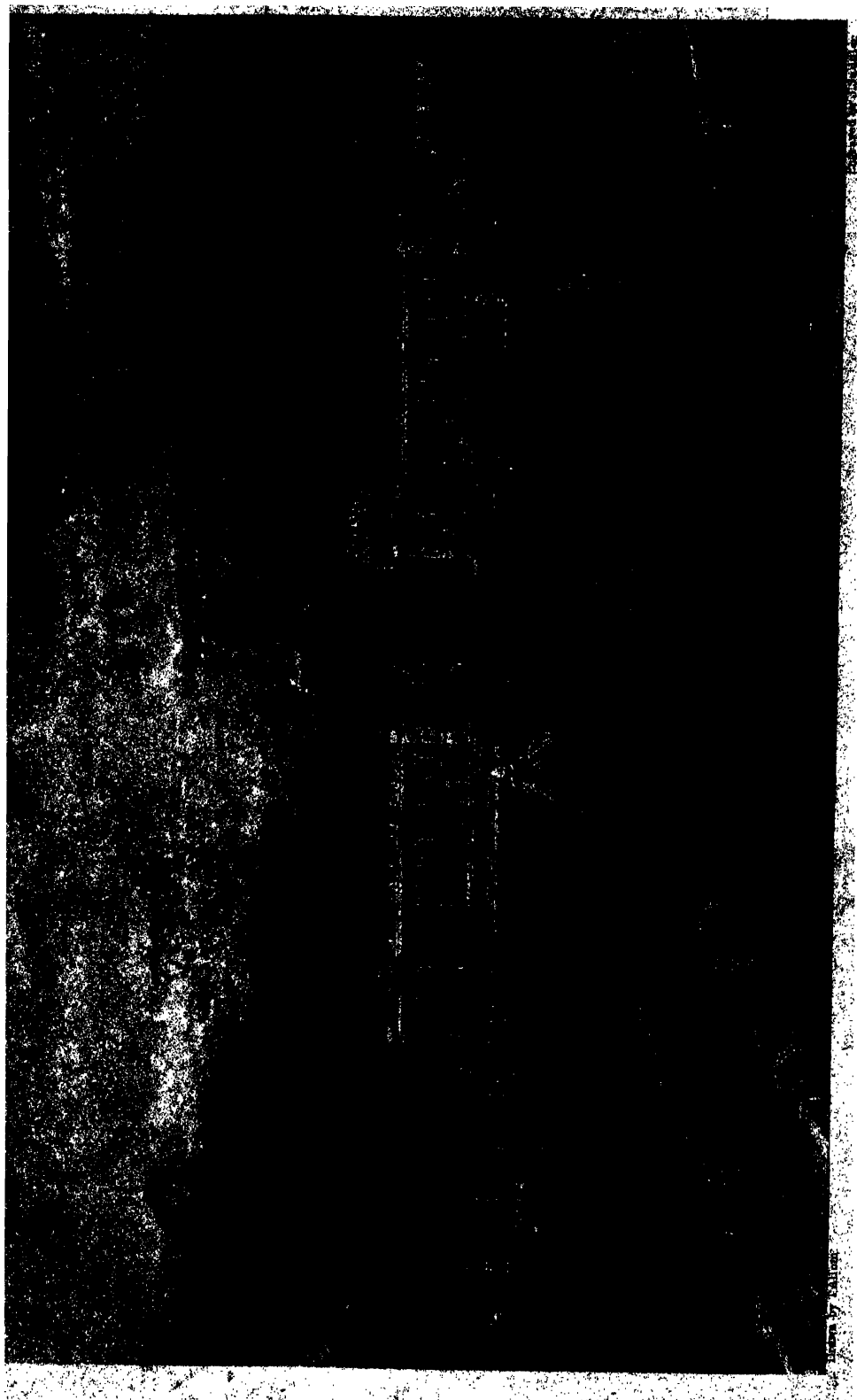






THE NEW YORK

Illustrated



F R A N C E

ILLUSTRATED,

EXHIBITING ITS

LANDSCAPE SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES,
MILITARY AND ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE, &c.

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R É S U M É

OF

T H E H I S T O R Y O F F R A N C E.

FROM THE ACCESSION OF CLOVIS TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THE biography of Saint Louis is more closely associated with the story of the Crusaders than with the history of his country, for he dedicated himself with the most entire devotion to that visionary project. Being made prisoner by the Saracens, he disdained the offer of life on condition of forsaking his army—remaining in captivity until ransomed by his admiring subjects. Setting out a second time, with unabated fervour, for the Holy Land, he turned aside to besiege Tunis, where he fell a victim to the plague. Philip III., who succeeded Saint Louis, introduced letters of nobility, by which the power and dignity of the feudal baron was restricted; and, having reduced the Tuniseens to subjection, closed his boisterous rule. It was in the reign of Philip le Bel, that the Knights Templars were brought to the stake, and burned for crimes which it was never proved they had committed. A *third estate* was now first introduced, and, under this new regulation, deputies from the cities were called up to the assemblies of the clergy and nobility. The reign of Louis X., or the Hardy, was disgraced by the cruel death of his queen, whom he ordered to be strangled, and the infamous execution of the minister Marigni, whose friends, in turn, took off the monarch by poison.

In the fourth Charles the Capetian line ended, and the sixth Philip was the first of the family of Valois that sat upon the throne. King Edward III. of England asserted his claims to the French throne, but Philip succeeded by the Salic law, and demanded his rival's homage. This vain request laid the foundation of jealousies that did not subside even after the slaughter of thousands. In one naval engagement, the French lost upwards of two hundred ships and thirty thousand men; and the victory of Cressy placed the English in a position, from which folly alone would attempt to dislodge them. But valour has always been a characteristic of the Gauls, and, burning with desire to retrieve their honour, the French again tried the fortune of the fight on the field of Poitiers. Again the English were victorious, and amongst their prisoners were king

John the Good and his son Philip. Anarchy prevailed throughout the French provinces generally, after this series of reverses ; but the death of king Edward, and of his brave son, the Black Prince, gave De Guéscelin, constable of France, an opportunity of employing his great talents in restoring order to the institutions of the kingdom. The battle of Agincourt, where Henry V. established his fame as a soldier, completely overwhelmed the nation ; submission was now their only alternative, but their humiliation was much relieved by the marriage of their conqueror with Catherine, their king's daughter. The Armagnacs, a party of crown-vassals, espoused the cause of the English king, in preference to that of the Dauphin, afterwards Charles VII., and sustained their objects by the most desperate means. Never were expectations more entirely overthrown, by the course into which events, under the hand of Providence, were, in this remarkable instance, conducted. Henry V. died before the Dauphin, leaving his throne to a child only nine months old ; it was in vain that the Armagnacs claimed the throne of France for the infant king of England,—fortune seemed to sport with all their speculations. At the moment when the nobles of France were most dispirited, a peasant girl, known in history as the Maid of Orleans, or Joan of Arc, appeared, and, professing to have received an inspiration which qualified her for military enterprises, placed herself, in full armour, at the head of the Dauphin's army. Victory attended the heroine, until she succeeded in expelling the English, and placing the Dauphin on the throne of his ancestors, which he ascended with the title of Charles VII. The fate of Joan is ever to be lamented ; betrayed by one of her own countrymen into the hands of her enemies, the savage manners of the times subjected her first to personal insult, and afterwards to a cruel death at the stake in the market-place of Rouen. Her memory is revered by her country, and she is acknowledged to have been sincere in her devotion to its liberties.

At this period a standing army was first established, by which the liberties of the states were abridged ; and it became prudent policy, on the monarch's part, to aim at foreign conquests. No sovereign, perhaps, ever united a head more wise with a heart more wicked, than Louis XI. He was one of the greatest politicians of any age ; taking for his motto *dissimuler c'est regner*—he was insidious, absolute, and tyrannical : when the nobles became factious, he subdued by dividing them ; when the people threatened, he used force, putting thousands to death without so much as the form of a trial. He broke the spirit of the nobility, enslaved the people, and extended the power of the crown. When his latter days approached, he became conscience-stricken, and, sending into Calabria for a supposed saint, endeavoured to postpone his fate through the intercession of prayers, and processions, and the instrumentality of relics and rosaries. He expired, after a reign of three-and-twenty years, detested by all classes of his subjects.

In the following reign, the French pursued foreign wars, contending with Austria, and over-running Naples. It was at this crisis that those projects are supposed to have originated, which armed the kings of France against Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, and finally produced the modern political system of Europe.

The reign of the amiable and virtuous Louis XII. was disturbed by the violence of Pope Julius II., less a saint than a soldier. This military ecclesiastic took cities, won victories, and complained against the partiality of Providence in favouring the French. Conciliation, however, was the means adopted by Louis to effect conquests, and by this peaceful system he succeeded in multiplying friends. He gave his daughter in marriage to a grandson of Ferdinand of Spain, renouncing, at the same time, his claims on Milan and Genoa; and he endeavoured to secure the amity of Henry VIII. of England, by espousing Mary, the sister of that monarch.

In the year 1515, Francis I., a prince of shining abilities, great personal bravery, and the most popular acquisitions, ascended the throne. He was young, ambitious, and Europe directed its attention towards him as the rival of Charles for the imperial crown. At a ceremonious meeting on "the Field of the Cloth of Gold," Henry VIII. of England swore to maintain a lasting friendship towards his royal cousin of France; but, soon forgetting this pledge, he joined the party of the Emperor, and supported his claims against those of Francis. The battle of Pavia followed not long after, in which the French king was defeated; but, before he surrendered, calling his officers together, he said calmly, "Gentlemen, we have lost all but our honour." The conqueror did not exhibit that generosity which was due to so great and gallant a prince; for, consigning him to captivity, he detained him from his country during two whole years. This narrow policy produced its natural consequences. The liberated prince burned with impatience to revenge the insult, and, forming a league with the Venetians, as well as with his treacherous friend Henry VIII., again renewed hostilities. The pope interfered between the contending parties, and obtained a temporary suspension of violent measures; but the personal animosity of the monarchs could not be entirely repressed, and, in direct opposition to the papal denunciation, the Emperor invaded France.

Less successful within the enemies' country than on neutral ground, the Emperor felt his military fame, and his personal safety, endangered; and, availing himself of the most favourable juncture for the purpose, offered terms of peace, which Francis, not very reluctantly, accepted.

It was not long after this happy termination of continued differences between these illustrious princes, that Francis was seized with a lingering illness, which put a period to his life, when he had only reached the thirty-third year of his age.

To Francis I. succeeded his son Henry, styled the Second, to whom, with the throne, descended a bitter contest with the see of Rome, still governed by Julius II. At St. Quentin the French suffered a signal chastisement from the Spaniards; a disgrace, to a great extent, retrieved by the brilliant successes of the Duke of Guise. This gallant soldier preserved the lustre of his country's arms, repulsed the united forces of England, Spain, and Flanders, and recovered possession of the city of Calais. King Henry was slain by Count de Montgomery, the strongest knight in France, at a tournament given in celebration of the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, with Philip, king of Spain. The count endeavoured to avoid the encounter, but the monarch persevered

in displaying his courage and dexterity, notwithstanding the known superiority of his antagonist. Francis II. was the son of the second Henry and of Catherine de Medicis, daughter of the Duke d'Urbino. He espoused the celebrated and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, but only survived his marriage two years. His reign was marked by religious intolerance, and by the continued persecution of the Huguenots, a cruelty wholly imputable to his mother. It is from this reign the origin of the national debt may be dated; a weight which crushed the very throne itself, after a lapse of 200 years. To Henry, his brother Charles IX. succeeded; but the change in governors brought no alteration in the government, Catherine de Medicis retaining the reins of power. Religious persecution continued with undiminished ferocity, until it reached a climax of horror in the assassination of the Protestants in Paris on St. Bartholomew's day.

These contests, miscalled religious, are all memorable, and distinguished in history by circumstances that preceded or attended them. The massacre of the Protestants at Vassy, in 1562, by the Duke of Guise's followers, was the signal of the first;—the intrigues of Queen Catherine, and cruelty of the Duke of Alva, proved the occasion of the second;—an attempt to seize the prince of Condé, and Coligny, the leaders of the Protestants, laid the foundation of another rupture;—the infamous massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, in 1572, brought on a fourth civil war;—and, lastly, a powerful faction was formed against the House of Guise, and hostilities were renewed; just at this critical juncture, a painful malady carried off the king. For some time he lingered under excruciating agonies of mind and body; and those are not wanting who assert, that, after the horrible massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, he had a perpetual flush, and acquired a fierceness of countenance, which before that event did not belong to him. His sleep became broken, and little refreshing, nor could soporific drafts relieve him. Overwhelmed by guilty woes, he expired before he had completed his twenty-fourth year.

The wretched Charles was succeeded on the throne by his brother, Henry III., a man entirely immersed in pleasures, and little disposed to relish the honours of government, accompanied by the fatigues which belong to them. Taking advantage of the monarch's suspicions, the powerful family of Guise entered into "the Sacred League" with the court of Spain, for the defence of the Roman Catholic religion, and proceeded to such extremities in their frantic zeal, as to contemplate the deposition of the king. Roused from his revelry by the approach of danger, Henry caused the elder branches of the House of Guise to be assassinated, as the most secure mode of ensuring tranquillity to his kingdom. The confederates, influenced with resentment at this barbarous act, publicly denounced the king, erased his name from the book of common prayer, and declared that it would be a meritorious act to put him to death by any means. James Clement, a Dominican friar, volunteered to perpetrate the bloody deed, and actually stabbed the royal victim as he was reading a letter in one of the state-apartments at St. Cloud. Although at first sunk in those allurements that degrade society, he soon extricated himself from their fetters, and exhibited such shining abilities, that, had he not been born to a throne, he might have been judged worthy to fill one. In this monarch, who died in 1569, the line of Valois ended.

Henry lived long enough to name a successor, one who was entitled to the crown by birth and reputation. This was Henri Quatre, king of Navarre, and first Bourbon of the Capetian race. Although descended from Louis XI., who had been dead upwards of three centuries, and possessing therefrom an indefeasible title, he was violently opposed by the Guises, in consequence of his having embraced the reformed religion, and sheltered the disciples of Calvin.

Having assembled a powerful army, Henri marched on Paris, and, sitting down before the walls, might have made himself master of the city by famine. This opportunity he voluntarily abandoned by permitting the aged, and the infirm, and the helpless of both sexes, to pass through his camp, by which the besieged were, for a season, relieved from the pressure, or rather the terror, of scarcity of food. When his generals blamed his humanity, he calmly answered, "I would rather endure the reproaches of the whole world, than those of my own heart." Diplomacy, however, appears to have been amongst the weapons with which he conquered, for, advised by his minister Sully, he suddenly abjured Calvinism, and embraced the Roman Catholic faith in the Church of St. Denis; by this artful policy the Guises were disarmed of their greatest pretext for opposing him, the foreign allies of the French Catholics neutralized, and every obstruction to his accession removed. He was solemnly crowned at Chartres in the year 1594.

Henri's apostasy alarmed, if it did not disgust, the Protestants; but, however he may have failed in recovering their admiration, he is still warmly entitled to their gratitude, by his publication of the Edict of Nantes, securing to his former brethren the free exercise of their religious opinions. Aided by the Duke de Sully, Henri proceeded to conciliate foreign powers, and establish new and improved institutions at home. These celebrated persons seem to have been born for one another: greatness and true glory were the consequences of their united labours for the public good. Impressed with the conviction that colonial appendages were of the utmost importance to the commerce of France, they founded the colony of Pondicherry in the East, Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Domingo in the West Indies, and Quebec in North America. The monarch contemplated nothing less than the formation of all the countries of Europe into one Christian republic, by balancing their national strength; and he proposed to settle all differences by reference to a senate, or council of wise and learned men, chosen impartially from the assenting communities. It was just when his vast preparations by sea and land were ready to support his humane and enlightened policy, that he was cut off by the hand of an assassin, Ravaillac, a frantic Jesuit.

On the death of Henri, the queen-mother, Mary de Medicis, seized the reins of government, and assumed the regency during the minority of Louis XIII. Her administration was but a series of plots, cabals, intrigues, and despotic acts. No sooner had the youthful monarch seated himself on the throne, than he beheld the glorious fabric that he had inherited, tottering to its fall; and, calling to his aid the abilities of Richelieu, he commenced the task of restoration. The Protestants had attempted to render themselves independent; they appropriated a portion of the kingdom to themselves, and selected the well-situated city of Rochelle as their intended capital.

Deriving aid from England, they were enabled to resist the arms of Richelieu for an entire year, but being at length obliged to surrender, they were stripped of all the privileges conferred upon them by Henri Quatre, and their religion was virtually abolished. The cardinal's ambition was more boundless than his royal master's, his intolerance much greater. He displayed his talents not merely in the arts of peace, in domestic arrangements, and foreign negotiations, but in the conduct of war; and his military fame was extended over Europe.

The example of Sully's influence, in the preceding reign, taught Mary de Medicis how little gratitude was to be expected from royal favourites; and, having taken the duke of Orleans into her confidence, with him she contemplated the removal of Richelieu. Having a presentiment of the danger that was approaching, the cardinal, with an intrepidity that astonished his enemies, seized Marshal de Marillac at the head of his army, and caused him to be put to death. This decisive and arbitrary measure alarmed Orleans, who fled with precipitation from the kingdom; and Queen Mary, finding resistance vain, retired to Brussels, and there died in exile. As for Richelieu, he lived to prosecute the study of arts, sciences, and literature, and died in 1642, one year only before his master, victorious over the enemies and the liberties of his country.

The queen-mother, Anne of Austria, was appointed regent during the minority of Louis XIV., who was only five years of age when he succeeded to the throne of his ancestors. Influenced by the example of times past, the regent selected for her minister Mazarene, a cardinal of the Romish church; and such was the violence of which he was soon after guilty, that his expulsion from Paris was demanded by the public. Submitting, with prudent patience, to a decree that was inevitable, he was at length pardoned, and permitted not only to return to his country, but to resume his ministerial office. In this proud position he continued till his death, in 1661, when Louis took upon himself the entire duties of sovereign authority.

Under the administration of the wise and amiable Colbert, commerce and manufactures flourished; the sea-ports were fortified; and the canal of Languedoc constructed. Louis, now styled the Grand, aided foreign powers in offensive wars, and, with the assistance of Turenne and Vauban, won many signal victories over the Dutch and Flemish. In Holland two parties existed, one favourable to the stadtholder, the other to the virtuous De Witts: their divisions left the country open to an enemy, and Louis, advancing with an army to the very gates of Amsterdam, was hourly in expectation of completing the conquest of Holland. At this moment the sluices were raised, the country overflowed, and the French compelled to retreat under humiliating circumstances.

Jealous of Louis's growing greatness, England, Austria, and Holland formed an alliance against the ambitious monarch of France. The peace of Nimeguen, in 1678, was favourable to his cause; and his reduction of Genoa and of Algiers was complete; but his revocation of the edict of Nantes, while it expatriated half a million of his best subjects, kindled the indignation of all Europe against him; and henceforth we only

view the setting glory of Louis le Grand. His fleets were destroyed by the English, off La Hogue; Havre and Dieppe were reduced to ashes; his Protestant subjects revolted; and the fame of Marlborough rose over the fall of Louis. In this reign literature and the arts were liberally encouraged; and there is no period of French history, to which the nation can refer with more pardonable pride, than that which Napoleon did not refuse to imitate.

The great-grandson of Louis was also but five years old when he succeeded to the throne, and parliament instantly sanctioned the nomination of Philip, duke of Orleans, to the regency. This prince's habits were dissolute and disreputable—a circumstance at once remarkable, from the contrast they afforded to the severe discipline of the deceased king's court. Before his unpopularity had reached a fatal climax, Providence removed him by an early death, and the vacancy was filled by the Duke of Bourbon-Condé. Less dissipated than Orleans, this nobleman was more avaricious; and the king, displeased with his peculiarities, dismissed him with scorn from his elevated place, calling the venerable Fleury to discharge the duties.

France was disturbed during this reign by exciting circumstances at home, international strife abroad. Amongst the former may be mentioned a system of finance, propounded by Law, a Scotch adventurer, and eagerly embraced by the whole French nation; the suppression of the order of Jesuits; a family compact of the house of Bourbon; and by numerous acts of despotism recorded in the infamous *lettres de cachet*. The events of foreign policy, or intervention, were not less conspicuous and memorable. In these must be included the Spanish insurrection, the attempt to place Stanislaus on the Polish throne, and the war of succession, which ended in the triumph of Maria Theresa, and the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. At the battle of Fontenoy, the French, led by Marshal Saxe, gained a complete victory; and the king had the happiness of seeing several members of his royal house bravely fighting for their country wherever the battle raged most fiercely.

But the talents of the king were neither literary nor military, and his tastes were of a grovelling and foolish character. He employed men who betrayed their trusts, and he was surrounded by women whose presence proclaimed a degenerate court. The parliament refusing to register some of the necessary taxes, fell under the displeasure of the monarch, who manifested his disappointment by unbecoming passion. Several of the members resigned; the king became unpopular; and a villain named Damien attempted to assassinate him.

Despotism was now daily establishing itself in France; freedom of action, if not of debate, was banished from parliament; the creatures of the court alone attended in their places there; and the load of taxation, under which the nation bowed, was rapidly and tyrannically increasing. When he had withdrawn all the true supports of the throne, and left it poised before its fall, Louis was seized with the small-pox, which was of so malignant a character, that in a very few days it proved fatal.

One of the first acts of Louis XVI.'s reign, was the introduction of inoculation as a corrective to the malignity of small-pox, and he had the fortitude to commence the

experiment with himself. Such was the force of example, that the royal family and the nobility submitted immediately to the new practice, and the prejudices of the inferior ranks of society, so obstinately retained in general, were also conquered. So soon as the king had recovered from the effects of inoculation, he applied himself with diligence to reconcile the differences that had existed between the aristocracy and the people. He dismissed those ministers whose conduct was characterized by arbitrary acts, and he recalled the old parliament, which had been so unceremoniously dissolved by his predecessor. In his opening speech, the first delivered by him from the throne, he declared, that while he should maintain the royal prerogatives, and deliver them unimpaired to future rulers, it was amongst his most cherished wishes to bury in oblivion all past political dissensions. Whether the people distrusted their youthful monarch, or had imbibed a hatred to royalty, which neither power nor precept could allay, it was obvious that the royal prerogative was destined to invasion, limitation, and destruction. By his own royal authority the king had abolished certain oppressive taxes, the growth of the recent reign : this act of consideration was tortured into an exercise of absolute power, and the parliament complained, that they alone had the right of deciding upon what burdens should be removed from, as well as laid upon, the people.

The financial affairs of the kingdom had long been in the most confused and embarrassing condition ; and the king, in consequence, resolved on calling to his councils the most accomplished political economist of the age, Mons. Turgot. This celebrated statesman undertook to remedy the abuses of the state, by a reform based on philosophical and physiocratical principles, and viewed the privileged classes as the source of all existing evil. But the morbid taste of the times was not susceptible of cure, even by the strong remedies which Turgot employed ; and, after a vain, but not inglorious administration, he was compelled to retire from office.

After several appointments and dismissals, the giving arrangement and distinctness to the public wants devolved on Mons. Necker, a Swiss by birth, a Protestant by religion. His selection was at variance with the policy hitherto pursued in France, of excluding all aliens to her country, and creed, from interference or control over the revenue ; it must therefore be considered as an advance in liberality, an abandonment of intolerance and prejudice, in which both king and people are entitled to share. But his talents raised him above envy, and it may yet be doubted whether the relaxation exhibited in this instance would have been extended to any of his contemporaries. Necker was known in the preceding reign as an able financier, and had been chosen to adjust very serious differences between the crown and the East India Company, in which he discharged the trust with an ability, that secured to him the gratitude of one, the respect of both parties.

It was at this time that the British American colonists revolted, and commenced that memorable struggle with the mother-country which ended in a total separation. The right of England to tax her colonial subjects, and their right to resist by violence, was discussed without reserve by the French nation, and Louis was induced,

by the representations of his ministers, to become an active ally of the advocates of independence in America. It was in the ranks of the revolted colonists, that the officers and soldiers of the French army first heard those principles, and reasonings, advanced, and defended, which lighted up the flame of revolution in their own country.

Reform was now resolved on in France, and the best was also one of the earliest changes introduced by the leaders of new institutions. The infamous practice of "putting the question," accompanied by torture, was of such ancient usage, that it appeared to be inseparable from the constitution of courts of justice ; this, happily, was abolished for ever. To Louis XVI., belongs the whole merit of this humane decision ; and it was an emanation of his own judgment also, to contract the extravagance of the royal household. He introduced a rigid economy into every part of his establishment, and dismissed no less than four hundred officers of his court.

The example of the king found few imitators amongst the nobility ; and the continuance of lavish expenditure on the part of the great officers of the State, at length seemed to demand an immediate retrenchment. At first he assembled a council of notables, to whom he appealed with becoming earnestness ; but all reasonings and requests proved abortive, and no other course remained to be pursued than that of raising supplies by the authority of royal edicts alone. Under such sanction the poll-tax was doubled, and other imposts, equally unpopular in their origin and character, resorted to. Parliament absolutely refused to register all such edicts, by which the king was compelled to advance another step in his false and fatal course, by holding "a bed of justice," for the purpose of obtaining an enrolment of the taxes which he had arbitrarily imposed. Although defeated, the parliament was not subdued, and, on the very next day after "the bed of justice" had been held, they entered a formal protest against the royal edict, declaring "that it had been registered against their approbation and consent, by the king's authority alone ; that it neither ought nor should have any force ; and that the first person who should presume to carry it into execution should be adjudged a traitor, and condemned to the galleys."

The authority of the sovereign was now directly opposed to that of the parliament, and, a few days after the promulgation of the protest, an officer of the guards waited on each member, and delivered the king's command that he should that moment retire to Troyes, a city of Champagne. The period when the order was delivered—break of day—prevented any public demonstration in the exiles' favour, and possibly it had the effect of making those murmurs against the king louder, for they were now openly expressed in the streets of the metropolis, whence they soon extended to the provinces. Public business became absolutely suspended ; and the cabinet was apparently weak, disunited, and wavering.

The banishment of the Duke of Orleans, a peer of the blood-royal, was only attended with a more explicit declaration of parliament against the abuse of *lettres de cachet* ; and the people of Grenoble, exceeding the Parisians in liberalism, pronounced the execution of them, within their jurisdiction, a capital crime. It had been conceded by the king

that three estates should be represented in parliament, and assemblies, similar to those held in the reign of Charlemagne, henceforth formed: agreeably to this concession, "The States-general," named henceforth the National Assembly, was publicly convened in 1789, and they immediately commenced framing a new constitution. A spirit of disorganization seemed to pervade all ranks, and the people, without waiting for a leader, proceeded to acts of the greatest violence, amongst the first of which was the destruction of the Bastille, or, as they generally called it, the fortress of despotism! Encouraged by successes, and actuated by the promulgation of new doctrines, styled the rights of man, the National Assembly proceeded to restrain the royal authority, and abolish all titles of nobility. Driven into exile by these strong and decisive measures, the emigrant nobility sought shelter and protection at the different courts of Europe; and, by touching representations of their royal master's danger, induced the crowned heads of foreign kingdoms to coalesce for the suppression of republicanism in France. But the unforeseen effect of these events was a reaction prejudicial to the interests of Louis, who was suspected of being accessory to the invasion of his country by a foreign power. Infuriated by the chastisement inflicted on the forces of France, the republicans rose *en masse*, called for new and extraordinary levies, acquired fresh courage from despair, and laid the foundation of that vast military power, which in after times subdued nearly half the older world.

Triumph in the field produced insolence in the senate, and the democrat leaders, flushed with fortune, proceeded to the most extravagant excesses in legislative measures. The king, alarmed at their growing greatness, resolved on a timely retreat; but his design was betrayed, and, being arrested on his road, he was brought back with ignominy amidst the execrations of a misled and excited multitude. He was immediately called upon to accept the alternative of abdication, or a new constitution, and, constrained by events, he professed to adopt the latter in presence of the assembled deputies. A concession obtained while the monarch was a captive, was not morally binding; and the republicans, conscious of this defect in their proceedings, had no serious intention of observing their part of the covenant. During the short absence of the king, they had endeavoured to persuade the country that the royal authority was no necessary part of the constitution, and that those had erred who maintained that the glory of the crown was essential to the existence and greatness of the nation. This artifice partly succeeded, and was called for by the deeper policy in which the flight of the king had its origin. No sooner was the retreat of Louis divulged, than the emigrants began to plead his cause, and point to the instability of thrones, should the experiment of his ruin be unhappily successful. The leaders of the aristocratic party, finding their master fled, resigned their seats in the National Assembly; and a strong impression was made in favour of fallen majesty, both in France and at foreign courts. Troops were actually levied on the frontiers in the king's name, and general Bouillé, a gallant and experienced soldier, having retired from Paris, addressed this intemperate letter to the Assembly, "You shall answer for the lives of the King and Queen to all the monarchs of the universe. Touch but a single hair of their heads, and not one stone shall be left on

another in Paris. I know the roads. I will conduct the foreign armies. This letter is but the forerunner of the manifesto of the sovereigns of Europe."

These stormy events were succeeded by a calm, that appeared to extend over the whole area of the nation; but the appearance was delusive, for the interval of quiet was employed by the republicans in acquiring strength of numbers, and every other resource tributary to the maintenance of a vigorous resistance to foreign powers.

Towards the close of the summer of this memorable year, a convention took place at Pilnitz, in Saxony, between the Emperor Leopold and the King of Prussia. At the time, its precise object was unknown, but it has since been very generally concluded to have been the invasion of France, new-modelling of its government, and partition of some of its richest provinces. Simultaneously with the political movements of foreign powers, the republicans laboured in their cause: they obliged the king to publish his acceptance of the new constitution, insisted upon its being duly notified to all foreign potentates, and decreed a general amnesty with respect to all the violences and circumstances of the revolution that seemed to require it. On the 30th of September, the Senate, hitherto known as the Constituent Assembly, dissolved itself, and was succeeded by deputies, elected according to the rules which the new constitution prescribed.

From this change the revolution may correctly be dated; henceforth societies, clubs, factions, began to be formed in all parts of Paris, the chief of which was called the Jacobins, from the place where they held their meetings. This association, for some time, influenced public feeling in political matters, absorbed all other bodies of politicians, and literally dictated the decisions of the legislature. At length, resolved to extort by violence what they were unable to obtain by legitimate and mild measures, they corrupted the municipality of the city, and, in conjunction with that body, appeared before the king's palace with a train of artillery. Such a proceeding was unexpected; Louis ordered the gates to be thrown open, the people admitted, and the cannon to be planted where the Jacobins desired; and, to calm the rising turbulence of the crowd, placed the *cap of liberty*, the new emblem of republicanism, on his head, and appeared on the balcony of the palace windows. The uncertain people were appeased by this trifling act of condescension, and retired from the scene apparently satisfied.

A hatred of royalty, however, had taken deep root in France, and oaths were administered publicly in the municipal and inferior towns to aid in its extinction, as well as in resistance to foreign princes who should attempt to dictate laws to the French people. Soon after this enunciation, the Legislative Assembly was broken up, and a National Convention substituted. It was under this form of government that those fatal occurrences took place, which will for ever tarnish the pages of modern history. After the commission of many excesses, the republicans again returned to the palace, from which they drove the king and royal family, and converted its halls and chambers into a scene of blood. A conflict ensued between the royal guards and the assailants, in which the former were overpowered, and every soul, to the number of four thousand,

put to death upon the spot, as a punishment for their fidelity to their master. The royal family had taken refuge in the assembly, where they were under the necessity of witnessing the indignity with which royalty was treated by the members. They were sent from this rude meeting to the old palace of the Temple, their last abode on earth; and all those suspected of being attached to their cause and interests, were seized and thrown into dungeons.

On the 20th of September, 1792, the National Convention assembled, and on the very first day of their assemblage, Collet d'Herbois ascended the tribune, and proposed the eternal abolition of royalty. The question was carried by acclamation; it was decreed that public acts should henceforth be dated by the year of the French republic, and that all citizens should be eligible to vacant offices in the state. These decisions were the signal for Louis' fall. Brought to the bar of the Convention on the 11th of December, without any previous intimation, he replied with clearness and precision to the charges exhibited against him; and when at length he was condemned to death, it was only by a majority of five, one of them being his cousin the Duke of Orleans. On the 21st of January, 1793, the cruel deed was perpetrated, by which a line of kings, which had continued without interruption for eleven centuries, was suddenly terminated.

So monstrous an act must naturally have either terrified or infuriated the republicans, and, feeling now that retraction was impracticable, they proceeded in the desperate course which they had commenced. The revolutionary tribunal was established under the direction of the terrorists Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, who ruled the nation by the guillotine; and these monsters brought to the scaffold, where the king expired, his beautiful widow, Marie Antoinette; his pious sister, the princess Elizabeth; and his unnatural kinsman, the Duke of Orleans, usually styled Monsieur Philippe Egalité. These murders being perpetrated, the next step was the abolition of Christianity in France: and to accomplish this impious object, the terrorists caused all the churches to be shut, church-plate to be confiscated, and a festival of Reason to be celebrated in Nôtre Dame cathedral, instead of a service to the true God. For nine months did this *Reign of Terror* continue, Robespierre celebrating festivals of Mankind, of a Supreme Being, of Stoicism, of the French People, and other desecrations of holy places, while the blood of innocent victims flowed in torrents from the guillotine in every part of France. With the ignominious death of the monster Robespierre, the reign of terror ended, the Jacobins closed their hall of mystery, and the revolutionary tribunal underwent remodification. Fatigued with cruelty, and degraded by infidelity, the nation for a moment awoke, disallowed the affiliation of popular societies with the convention, established the free exercise of religion, and even evinced a disposition in favour of royalty. The last of these symptoms, a returning attachment to monarchy, struck terror to the hearts of those who were instrumental in its abolition; and, by the art of Barras, and fortitude of Buonaparte, the royalists were completely overthrown. The sanguinary scene of the fifth of October, 1795, planned and executed by the future emperor, was the close of the Convention, and the adoption of a new form of government, consisting of two legislative

chambers, named, "the council of ancients," and "the council of five hundred," with the executive power vested in a Directory of five persons.

A series of revolutions succeeded, without, however, dislodging the Directory; and it was actually during these domestic tumults and convulsions, that France had extended her territory to the banks of the Rhine. Able generals, at the head of inexperienced troops, were rendered victorious by the stratagems of Carnôt; and the old European tactics were unable to cope with the new military system.

Prussia, Spain, the Netherlands, and other minor states, had been compelled to acknowledge the superior prowess of French arms; and the fortune that followed suggested an alliance between Austria, England, and Russia. But the brilliant victories of General Bonaparte had revived the charm of the republican arms, and humiliated those of the other kingdoms of Europe; and, notwithstanding the heroism and military skill of Archduke Charles of Austria, the first-rate powers were reduced to the necessity of making peace with France. Central Europe was remodelled by the genius of Bonaparte, Venice was changed into a democracy, Genoa into a republic, Holland stripped of her colonies, Rome made a republic, and British India menaced by the general of the Directory, who landed in Egypt with an army prepared for such an expedition. This blow, directed against Great Britain's most vital part, was averted by the genius of Nelson, who completely annihilated the French fleet in the bay of Aboukir; while the resistance offered by the British army in Egypt, and the failure of the republican forces in Syria, left little prospect of success in their designs against Anglo-India.

A powerful resistance and well-organized opposition being offered, on the continent, to republican principles and pretensions, and the Indian expedition having proved abortive, Bonaparte returned from Egypt, and placed himself at the head of the government. Three consuls were appointed to guide the helm; Cambacères and Le Brun having only a deliberative voice, the premier reserving to himself the prerogatives of a monarch. In 1802 Bonaparte seemed no longer capable of restraint, and his ambition overpassing all barriers, led him to demand the first consulate for life, which was at once awarded, because no one dared to refuse. Scarcely was he placed in this eminent position, when he crossed the Alps, defeated the Austrians at Marengo, and restored the Cisalpine republic; then, making the left bank of the Rhine the boundary of the republic, he entered into treaties with Naples, Russia, Turkey, England, and concluded a concordat with the pope.

From this date, 1802, the policy of Napoleon Bonaparte governed the continent for thirteen years. Many principalities were erected into kingdoms, over which some creature of the conqueror's presided: restrictions against emigrants were relaxed; the free exercise of religion was permitted; and the legion of honour, uniting the nation and the army with the head of the government, instituted. When the war with England was renewed, in 1803, the military glory of Napoleon won for him the favour of the nation, and enabled him to convert the republic into an hereditary monarchy.

On the 2nd of December, 1804, Napoleon Bonaparte, having assumed the imperial dignity, crowned himself and Josephine in the church of Nôtre Dame at Paris, Pope

Pius VII. assisting at the ceremony; and in three months from that date he placed the iron crown of Lombardy on his head, in the noble cathedral church of Milan. It would exceed the limits which this epitome has prescribed, to enumerate the achievements of Napoleon, in dethroning and raising up kings, in obliterating and erecting kingdoms, in vanquishing powerful armies, in inflicting injury, and in conferring benefits, on mankind; it must suffice to say, that, having humbled the great powers of Europe by victories that have become parts of universal history, the Emperor of Austria at length consented to bestow upon him the hand of his daughter, Maria Louisa, on condition of his repudiating the Empress Josephine. This condition and agreement Napoleon embraced, and, having degraded his private character by the abandonment of the object of his first affections, from this remarkable event in his history the sun of his glory appears to have sunk.

It was at this period that hereditary titles were restored, and the rule of primogeniture re-admitted. The Emperor next proceeded to the formation of a code of laws, to the repression of usury, promotion of industry, extension of education, and opening of harbours, canals, and great public roads. His attempts to lay the foundation of colonial commerce, in which he compelled Prussia to unite with him against England, was the origin of the *Continental System*. An union held together by the terror of Napoleon's powers, could only be expected to last until a favourable moment for dissolution, and of this moment the Spaniards and Russians actively availed themselves. Napoleon was repulsed from Russia, rather by the severity of the climate than the arms of the emperor; and, the principal nations of Europe, long exasperated against the policy of France, formed an alliance for the extinction of its unnatural power. An army of 800,000 men was collected by the Allies, and this great force destroyed the French empire, and in the space of nine months laid prostrate the trophies of twenty years. Entering Paris, on the 31st of March, 1814, the Allies deposed Napoleon, who attempted to resign in favour of his son; and having ceded to him, as a place of exile, the island of Elba, restored the Bourbons to the throne.

Never were princes less calculated to conciliate their people than those of the elder Bourbon line. Superstition, under them, succeeded to toleration—apathy to ambition—and national pride was offended by the frequent confessions of the king that he owed his crown to the Duke of Wellington. During this general discontent, Napoleon landed unexpectedly on the southern coast, and in eighteen days from the date of debarkation, entered Paris, amidst the acclamations of the people. Viewing his return as a direct violation of the treaty made between them, the Allies took up arms once more; and on the 18th of June, 1815, Napoleon being completely defeated on the field of Waterloo, by the English under the Duke of Wellington, his career of glory was closed for ever.

No longer deserving of their confidence, the Allies refused to treat with the ex-emperor either on his own or his son's behalf; in this position he resolved on surrendering himself to England, and relying upon her generosity. In this instance, his estimate of national character was deceitful, for no opposition was made, by the British minister, to

his sentence of banishment to the Atlantic island of St. Helena. The restoration of the Bourbons was attended with the return of bigotry in its many hideous aspects, of political despotism, and restriction of the liberty of the press. The death of Louis XVIII. and accession of Charles X. brought no relief to the people, who continued in a state of constant anger, and excitement, against their ruler and his tyrannical ordinances. Lafayette's reception, on his return from America, offended the monarch, who soon after had the folly to disband the national guards, because they disapproved publicly of the ministry. The appointment of Bourmont, as minister of war, completely decided the question at issue between the nation and the sovereign. This man deserted Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, and escaping to Ghent, was there rewarded for his perfidy by the gift of a peerage. Prince Polignac, the new prime minister, would have been esteemed for his birth, courage, character, and fortune, had he served another master; but Charles X. was a disgrace to the princes of Europe, and the nation had resolved upon his deposition. Under these circumstances, Polignac must inevitably have become a great political victim, his high sense of honour binding him indissolubly to the miserable monarch to whom he had given his allegiance.

Other causes contributed to render Polignac unpopular, exclusive of his unwise attachment to Charles. He and his brother Armand had taken part in Pichegru's conspiracy, and were amongst the few aristocrats who had escaped the imperial vengeance; the general feeling, therefore, was, that Polignac should have evinced his gratitude to Napoleon, for the pardon he had obtained, by adopting popular principles. From the year 1823, Prince Polignac had been ambassador at the court of St. James's; and it was believed that he had shown a manifest predilection for England and the English, whether he entered into the liberal spirit of her institutions or not, with respect to France. It was further concluded, that the Prince's elevation to the high office he filled, was due to English influence, especially to the influence of the Duke of Wellington, whose fortune, in having overthrown Napoleon, could never be pardoned by the people whose glory was sullied by defeat. Such a combination of circumstances was too powerful to be dissolved by the genius of Polignac, and the feverish state of public feeling would have made the attempt too difficult even for superior talents.

Monsieur de la Bourdonnaye, minister of the interior, was next in importance to Prince Polignac; this man had always been one of the most meddling and violent members of what was termed, in parliamentary language, the extreme right. The ministry was now formed, but, of such materials, that they were themselves conscious of the difficulty that would attend their efforts to procure a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. Bourdonnaye, a man of bold measures, suggested the perilous policy of Villèle—that of dissolving the Chamber, and procuring a preponderance in the new election, by the active and united exertions of the royalists, aided by every means in the power of the crown and the ministry. Although this was an old ministerial practice, both in France and other European states, either from jealousy on the part of his colleagues, a desire to rid themselves of the man, or a real belief that it would fail, Bourdonnaye's proposition was at once rejected. It is probable, however, that it would

have been successful; and if so, that the course of events would have been suspended, or wholly changed; for, although the people would have opposed, the priesthood would have supported all Polignac's measures with the great weight of their influence.

The rejection of his proposition, coupled with the appointment of Polignac to the presidency of the ministerial council, induced Bourdonnaye to tender his resignation, which was cheerfully accepted. Baron Monthol, who had been elected a member of the Chamber by the congreganistes of Toulouse, was transferred to the department of the interior; and M. de Ranville, distinguished at Caen amongst the agents of the reaction of 1815, was appointed minister of ecclesiastical affairs and public instruction. Such was the constitution of the ministry at the close of the year 1829, a period pregnant with revolution, and with national destinies, which none had been at all able to foresee.

If we reflect upon the position and circumstances of the country at this eventful epoch, it will appear, that, although the Bourbons had endeavoured to build up an aristocratical and absolute monarchy, most of their measures had a directly contrary tendency. The nobility, as a distinctive influential class, had been extinguished in France. Their great numbers and little wealth,—the mixture of political elements which they presented,—the *noblesse* of the *ancien regime* and of the imperial dynasty, the one the offspring of feudalism, the other of political revolution,—the soldier of Condé and the officer of the republican army who encountered him in the field,—their total want of any political privileges:—these, with various other circumstances, had left the *noblesse* entirely without consequence in the government of the nation. Even the body of peers did not include many aristocratical elements. Without the immense wealth and patronage possessed by the British peerage, they were not able to exercise any great influence; they were necessitated to follow, and were not able to lead, public opinion.

One of the measures of the Bourbon dynasty, which had recoiled with fatal effect upon its authors, was, allowing only those to vote, and to be eligible to offices, who paid the highest amount of taxes. From the length of time during which republican principles were dominant in France, the liberal party were enabled to acquire wealth and station; hence, it came to pass, a fact ascertained by actual calculation, that the republicans possessed two-thirds of the heritable property, and actually exceeded the royalist party in the ratio of four to three, at the very period when the infatuated Bourbons limited the exercise of the electoral franchise to the richest subjects. As the nobility were poor, it frequently happened that barons and counts could neither be eligible, nor be even electors, while wealthy merchants, manufacturers, and men in business of various kinds, enjoyed those cherished privileges. The very men whom it was the object of the Bourbons to exclude from any participation in the legislature, were the persons who paid the highest taxes, and who, consequently, were electors, and not unfrequently became the elected. In fact, the Bourbons either could not, or would not, understand France, and, in consequence, they gradually alienated whatever regard the people might have been disposed to extend towards them. The people, on the other hand, knew the

sentiments of their rulers; they knew what they had to expect from a ministry composed of such materials, and they were resolved, from its first formation, to resist every measure originating with the government.

This opposition to royalty did not arise from want of employment, and the mischievous results of idleness generally; on the contrary, France was scarcely ever in a condition of greater prosperity; commerce and manufactures flourished; the wealth of the citizens conferred political privileges on that class, which enabled them to contend successfully with the crown; and other nations naturally asked at that juncture, of what do the French people complain? have they not everything necessary for happiness and contentment? To this it can be replied, that the physical comforts of a people do not constitute the sole standard whereby the goodness of a government is to be tested; and it is one of the most favourable points in the terrific struggle that followed, that though the French people were physically in a prosperous state, they yet spared no exertion, and did not hesitate to shed their blood, in order to establish those principles which they believed to be necessary to national dignity, and due to a people who desired to be free.

The changes, and the calamities, that now ensued, were not occasioned by Prince Polignac, they were the necessary consequences of misgovernment, and sooner or later a collision must have happened between the Bourbons and the nation. All modes of engrafting liberal principles on the notions of the royalists had been tried in vain, and under all possible varieties of administrations; it only remained therefore to declare open war against the people. Even this step had been resolved upon, but, with the usual negligence of the royal race, no calculation was made of the relative strength of the combatants.

It was in the early part of 1830 that the war with Algiers was publicly announced in the speech from the throne. The Algerines had openly insulted the French flag; and the Dey struck the French consul at a solemn audience, on receiving an answer in the negative to his question, whether the debt due from France to Algiers had been settled. The speech went on to state the negotiations then on foot, for composing the differences that distracted the members of the Braganza family; proceeded to announce, that the revenue exceeded the estimates of the budget, although it did not equal the amount collected in the preceding year; and concluded with these remarkable words—"Peers of France, Deputies of the Departments—I do not doubt your co-operation in the good I desire to do. You will repel, with contempt, the perfidious insinuations which malevolence is busy in propagating. If guilty intrigues should throw any opposition in the way of my government, which I cannot and will not anticipate, I should find force to overcome them, in my resolution to preserve the public peace, in the just confidence I have in the French nation, and in the love which they have always evinced for their kings." When this injudicious declaration was published, the funds fell; and in the Chamber of Deputies there was a decided majority against the ministers. When the *doyen d'age* withdrew from the chair, he addressed Roger Collard, the president, by the title of citizen, which produced, as might be supposed, an extraordinary sensa-

tion. On the 18th of March, the customary deputation of the chambers, with the president at their head, presented to his majesty the answer of the Deputies. This address set forth, in a frank but respectful tone, that a concurrence did not exist between the views of the government and the wishes of the nation; that the administration was evidently actuated by a distrust of the people; and that the people, on the other hand, were agitated with apprehensions which would become fatal to their prosperity and repose. "Sire," it continued, "France does not wish for anarchy, any more than you wish for despotism." This reproof was intended to be a truthful admonition, but was obviously fallacious—for if put into a more logical form, it would show that France wished for anarchy—a meaning the reverse of that which the courtesy of the address intended to imply. However, the king replied, by expressing his regret, that the concurrence which he had a right to expect from the Deputies of the Departments did not exist; he declared that his resolution was taken, and that the ministers would immediately make known his intentions. The Peers had previously answered the royal speech, in the responsive language of an echo; but Chateaubriand's discourse on the occasion was a bold and eloquent assault upon the ministers. Upon the delivery of the address of the Deputies, the two Chambers were immediately convoked for the following day, the 19th of March, to receive a communication from the government, when the Chambers were declared to be prorogued to the first of September following. This monstrous measure, like all others propounded by the imbecile monarchs of this line, produced the contrary effect to that which its originators expected, for, instead of lulling, deceiving, or calming the nation, it created the highest degree of excitement throughout France.

Availing themselves of this critical juncture, the journals advocated the interests of the respective parties, and contributed to fan the flame of discord until a conflagration arose. The royalist and jesuitical papers exulted in the arbitrary measures of the ministry, and praised the government for its firmness; while the liberal journals condemned every recent enactment, and predicted the results which ultimately followed. In this, however, there was little display of a prophetic character, because the results were accelerated, if not partially produced, by these very predictions. The contest was conducted with the utmost violence; the liberalists exhausted every term of reproach which the language furnished, in holding up to contempt and hatred the king and ministers; the opposite papers denounced their enemies as traitors, and subverters of order. The least pardonable, because the least veritable, portion of these virulent attacks, was the selection of Polignac as the chief object of hatred and malice. This luckless minister was a firm, uncompromising royalist, true to his allegiance, and fully aware both of the nature and value of free institutions; and there is no doubt of the fact, that the fault he committed in adhering with fidelity to a worthless master, was less venial in the judgment of the nation, from a knowledge of his admiration of English institutes. To such a height of frenzy did this literary warfare proceed, that a society was formed in Paris for the purpose of establishing, and publishing, journals, in all such departments and districts as were yet undisturbed by the mania of revolution; and, as in some instances the printers

refused to lend their presses for the purpose of promulgating liberal opinions, the society undertook to remove these impediments, either by sending presses to the remote districts, where peace had hitherto reigned, or, by the immediate purchase, at an exorbitant price, of the machine which its owner would not permit to be employed against the royal interests.

Other associations for other purposes were formed in various parts of the kingdom, all tending to swell the tide of republicanism, and overwhelm the royalist party and principles. In Brittany there was a club organized to refuse the payment of all taxes not regularly levied by the Chamber of Deputies. The members of this society undertook to assist each other, in the event of a crown prosecution; and this fidelity was soon put to the test. Their proceedings being denounced, a case was submitted to the *cour royale* at Paris for decision; but there the royalists were defeated. It appeared that two hundred and twenty-one deputies had voted for the address in answer to the king's speech, and a hundred and eighty-one against it. The names of the former members were immediately printed in hand-bills, and distributed over the kingdom; the number "221" was seen on snuff-boxes, and various trifling articles of ornament or convenience; and "one of the two hundred and twenty-one" became a title of honourable distinction, and a popular soubriquet.

A slight check was given to the rapid flow of the republican torrent by the unexpected protest of Benjamin Constant. This man was one of the most distinguished authors and orators of the age, and the head of the liberalist party. He sat in the Chamber of Deputies, and always occupied a place on the extreme left. His declaration against the violence of his own party was sudden and unwelcome; and when it appeared in the *Gazette de France*, was for a moment suspected of being a forgery. It soon, however, became known to be authentic; and government, taking advantage of this little movement in their favour, immediately prohibited the sale of obnoxious snuff-boxes: lists of the dismissed prefects, and of suspected officials, who were transferred to districts where they could be more securely watched, were issued; and all branches of the executive were *purified*, as the royalist journals designated the measure.

But precautionary steps were not discontinued here; public prosecutions were commenced against the leading liberal journals, amongst which were the *Globe* and *National*. In France the editorial profession is held in high estimation, and men of letters seek anxiously for those employments, as opening an avenue to their ambition, whether it be political or merely distinctive. To convict the journalists, seemed to be a fondly-cherished project of ministers; and, taking example from the worst pages of past history, they placed on the bench of justice, for the decision of these cases, servile partisans of royalist principles. Whatever may have been the guilt of one party, the injury done to the other, this mode of decision could only be productive of public scorn, and, consequently, of increased political agitation.

During these ill-judged proceedings it was, that Count de Villèle sought, and obtained, an interview with the king; and the circumstance was soon seized on by the public papers, as ground-work for a suspicion, that some change was in contemplation.

None would have been so gratifying as the dismissal of Prince Polignac ; and with the facility of enthusiasts, they concluded that Villèle was about to be recalled to the ministry. No such measure was contemplated, at least no evidence of such has ever since been afforded ; on the contrary, the conduct of the Polignac ministry became rapidly more infatuated ; their intended violence evidently increased in the inverse ratio of their strength, until at last all system or principle of governing appeared to merge in one grand scheme of vengeance. When justice is represented as blind, the property does not refer to a desire of indiscriminate vengeance, but to the calmness of entire impartiality ; neither does vengeance belong to the administration of laws in any way,—their most cruel consummation is intended for example.

An exhibition took place in the very midst of these dissensions, which is attributable either to the subserviency of courtiers, or deceitfulness of the liberals. This was the anniversary of the entrée of Charles X., when he was Count d'Artois, into Paris, in 1814. The 13th of April was fixed for the celebration, and all the arts of pleasing seemed to be employed, and exhausted, by all parties, to render the commemoration worthy of the event. Addresses were presented by the different public bodies, the most flattering speeches were made in various meetings called to applaud them, and the most satisfactory recognitions were given by his majesty to all these dutiful and loyal demonstrations. There was a contrast rarely exceeded in the annals of revolution, between the love of royalty which these addresses breathed, the pomp of monarchy which the splendid processions exhibited on this occasion, and the total subversion of both, which occurred in a few weeks afterwards, in the same great city, and amongst the self-same citizens.

It has been an usual practice of rulers, when the people became clamorous at home, to divert their attention by some foreign war ; the Polignac ministry were not ignorant of the practice, and resolved to avail themselves of the dispute with Algiers for the purpose. In the king's speech this difference was alluded to, that the public mind might be prepared for the occasion ; and probably the firmness which his majesty displayed, when danger threatened, was not unacceptable to a nation so accustomed to war as the French had been under the empire. At all events, the ministry desired the Algerine war, whether the people did or not. They had the same reason for so wishing, as in the case of Spain—an expectation of making the army familiar with the name of Bourbon and the *chapeau blanc*. Other reasons might be added, why the government panted for a war, which appeared likely to be attended with a victorious termination. It would enable them to assemble an army, which, in case of necessity, might be employed at home ; and, even if it were absent at Algiers, the military preparations would have been useful for their purposes. It was known that the capture of Algiers was a favourite scheme of the eleventh Louis, and a long-cherished project of Napoleon, nothing therefore ought to have been more popular with the nation. At all events, the royalist party calculated that the Algerine war would divert public attention, and the victory would at once secure popularity, amongst those who had evinced such an enthusiastic admiration of military glory.

Ministerial measures were either taken too late, or carried out without sufficiently

calculating the character of the opposing party, as the result most lamentably demonstrated. Bourmont, the unpopular minister of war, was appointed commander-in-chief of the expedition, and the conduct of the fleet committed to Admiral Duperre. The *Moniteur* of the 20th of April, 1830, recapitulated the pretended grounds of this aggressive war, amongst which was found "the injustice of the Dey in raising the ancient tribute from seventeen to sixty, and finally to two hundred thousand francs per annum; this sum, it was stated, had been duly paid from 1820 to 1826, yet the dey had been unfavourable during all that period to the interests of France: he insulted the French flag, and violated grossly the laws of nations by striking the French consul. The desire of the French nation to seize that petty state, and add it to the crown of France, was omitted from the reasons and pretexts for making war on Algiers.

On the tenth of May, an army, consisting of thirty-seven thousand foot, and four thousand horse, embarked at Toulon, and a fleet, comprising ninety-seven vessels, of which eleven were ships of the line, and twenty-four frigates, set sail for the African coast; and at four o'clock in the morning of the fourteenth June, after a prosperous voyage, the whole force began to debark in the beautiful bay of Sidi Ferrajh.

The suspense occasioned by the sailing of the expedition, by the uncertainty of its fate, by the hopes and fears that necessarily attend such great and awful movements, might have been improved by a wiser monarch than Charles, or a more cautious minister than Polignac: it was otherwise ordained. On the seventeenth of May, a royal ordinance, dissolving the Chamber, appeared in the *Moniteur*. At the same time new elections were ordered, and the two Chambers convoked for the third of August. On the fifteenth of June, the *Moniteur* contained a royal proclamation, in which his majesty called upon all Frenchmen to do their duty in the colleges, and exhorted them to rely upon his constitutional intentions. It was in this proclamation that those remarkable passages occur, which he was never afterwards able to justify. "As the father of my people, my heart was grieved; as king, I felt insulted. I pronounced the dissolution of that Chamber." And again, near the close of the proclamation, "Electors, hasten to your colleges. Let no reprehensible negligence deprive them of your presence! Let one sentiment animate you all: let one standard be your rallying point! It is your king who demands this of you; it is a father who calls upon you: fulfil your duties. I will take care to fulfil mine." The elections proceeded with the utmost alacrity, accompanied, of course, by all that acrimony that belongs to partisanship; and during these political broils, the liberal journals distinguished themselves, if not by talent, undoubtedly by devotion to their cause. Fortune, for a while, appeared to favour the ministry, in granting victory to the arms of France; and it was while election contests were at the highest pitch of excitation, that the capture of Algiers, and the entire success of the expedition, were pompously proclaimed to the nation. Nothing, however, could divert the anti-royalist party from the object of their pursuit; they rejoiced in the glory the army had acquired, but allowed no share of that glory to the ministers who planned the expedition; they rather exulted in depriving their opponents of the merit of sincerity, in having sent an army abroad at such a political crisis, and they made this an additional

ground for doubling their efforts in the electoral struggle. All the returns of the new elections indicated an increased majority against the ministers, so that, in the beginning of July, a change in the ministry was confidently spoken of as an inevitable result, and the funds rose in consequence.

Such were the conclusions of the liberals, but those of the royalists were directly contrary; the king resolved on retaining his faithful ministers, and had commissioned and commanded them to violate the charter, break the social contract, and encounter all the risks of an intestine war, rather than yield a single point. Bigotry blinded the monarch, and placed power in the hands of the priesthood; the ministers were equally blind, not with any direct and intentional vice, but with mistaken loyalty to a priest-governed prince. The ministerial papers were instructed to use no propitiating terms, hold out no hopes of conciliation; but instead thereof, to let the language of menace prevail in all their columns. They therefore began to assert, that the enemies of France abroad having been subdued by his majesty's brave forces, domestic enemies would soon become the object of his attention, and, that little resistance was to be expected, where skill was so united with bravery in the assailing power. Some journals went so far as to speak of the *coup d'état*; and it was asserted by the liberals, that this obnoxious phrase was suggested to the journalists of that period by the monks, who were then the predominant party at St. Cloud.

To withdraw public attention, as far as possible, from the sole object of its pursuit, the destruction of despotism, public festivals were held, and various amusements, in honour, it was asserted, of the King and Queen of Naples, who were then in Paris, were proclaimed by the court; but the effect of these frivolities was only to make their contrast with the aspect of political affairs perilously strong. Even the news of the capture of Algiers produced no effect, although accompanied by the discovery of ninety millions of francs, which amount was discovered in the treasury of the Dey. His Majesty endeavoured to avail himself of the opportunity by causing *Te Deum* to be sung in all the churches, for the victory his army had won in Africa, and by ordering general illuminations; but there was a gulf fixed between the prince and the people which nothing could close.

The press is an instrument for good or evil, according to the passions of those who are placed to control it; in such circumstances as those of a revolution, when the worst and most desperate find a theatre for distinction, the operation of the press is often calamitous. In several departments, from various local causes, conflagrations took place, evidently the work of incendiaries; the bad portion of the press, unable to defend the cause of liberty by honourable means and truthful reasoning, had recourse to the infamous insinuation, that ministers employed persons to traverse the country, and set fire to the houses of the poor, with the secret intention of imputing this great crime to the republicans. That this infamous conduct was pursued by the low provincial journals there is no doubt; the clamours of the populace, when Polignac was arrested, bear evidence to the fact, for they distinctly called for "death to the man who had burned their houses."

The elections were over, and of the celebrated two hundred and twenty-one, all, save one, were re-elected. The liberals in the new Chamber numbered two hundred and seventy, the royalists amounted only to a hundred and forty-five, and fifteen were undecided. So soon as the result was known, ministers made a report to the king, setting forth, in forcible language, the danger of a free press; they declared that, "at all epochs, the periodical press has only been, and from its nature must ever be, an instrument of disorder and sedition." They demanded of his majesty the extinction of this liberty; a measure, they asserted, authorized by the fourteenth article of the Charter, which declares, "that the king has the power to make all regulations and ordinances, for the execution of the laws, and the safety of the state." "The state," said the ministers, "is in danger, and your majesty has a right to provide for its safety. No government can stand, if it has not the right to provide for its own safety; besides, the eighth article of the Charter only gives every Frenchman the privilege of publishing his own opinions, but not, as the journals do, the opinions of others; the Charter does not expressly allow journals, and the liberty of the press. The journals misrepresent the best intentions of the government; and the liberty of the press produces the very contrary of publicity, because ill-intentioned writers misconstrue every thing, and the public never know the truth." This report, to which its violent consequences have given an historic importance, is one of the shallowest and most unphilosophic state-papers on record in modern times. It is an unconstitutional combination of miserable sophistry with the habitual phraseology of despotism; and despotism must never argue, or it is extinguished in the struggle. The Polignac ministry had bound themselves to a corrupt and arbitrary master, and the magnanimity of the prince ultimately victimized his brother ministers and himself. The king had determined upon violating the constitution, and not possessing ingenuity sufficient to deceive an excited people, he entrusted the task to an unwilling ministry. History has shown that nothing is so violent, and at the same time so blind, as bigotry, religious or political; and this was the characteristic of the monarch, the priests, and the whole royal staff at St. Cloud.

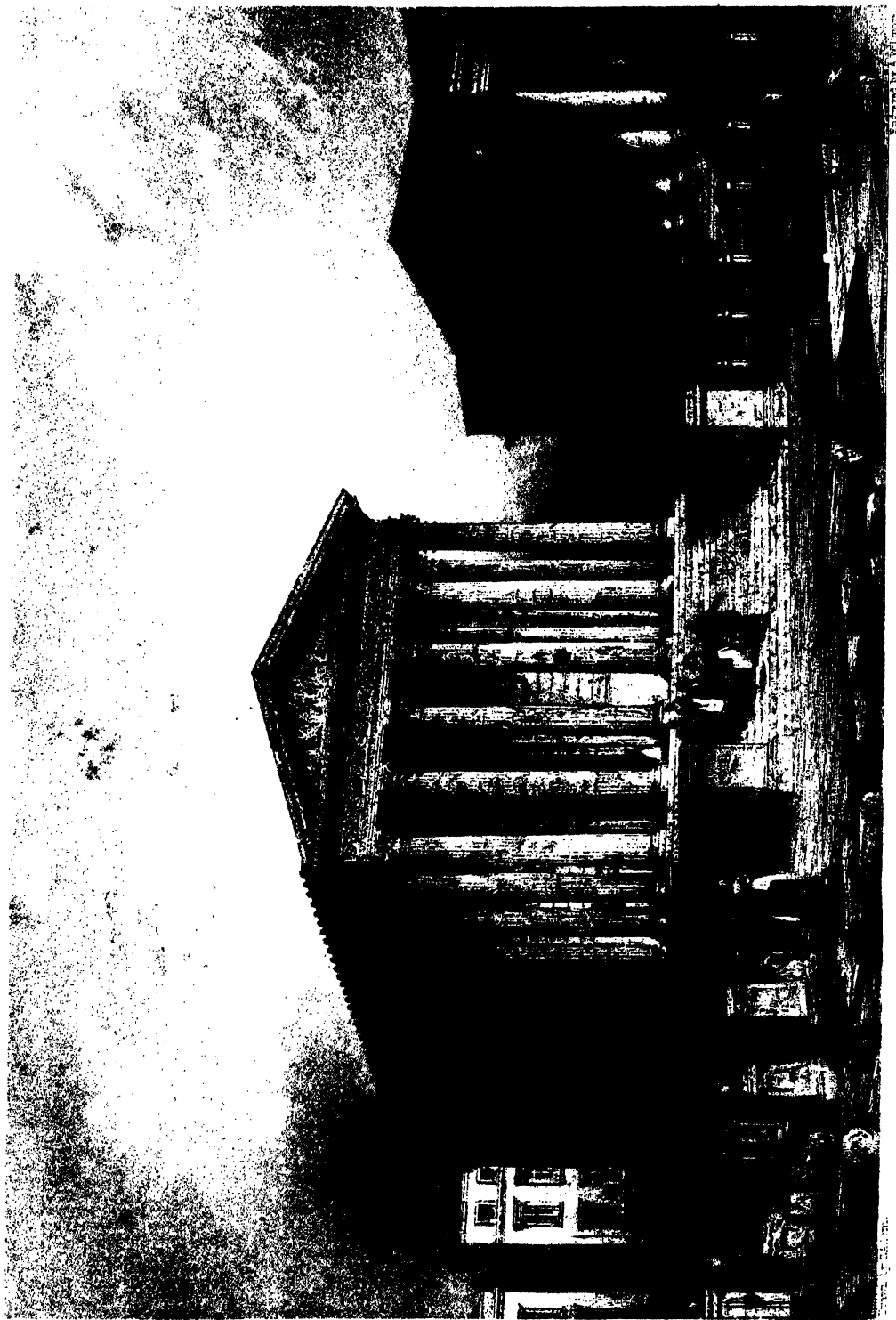
This memorable report, ascribed, not truly, to the will of Prince Polignac, was accompanied by three ordinances, one for dissolving the Chambers, "according to the fifteenth article of the Charter." This was indirectly annulling the election, not dissolving the Chamber, because the new Chamber had not been organized. A second ordinance suspended the liberty of the press; and a third prescribed an entirely new law of election, from which ministers expected a return more favourable to the royalists. All the liberal journals published in Paris, except the *Journal des Debats*, resolved to appear without the authorization of government, required by the recent ordinance. An opinion, deliberately formed and professionally given, by the most eminent lawyers, was published, declaring, that the property in a journal was like any other property, and could only be assailed by regular judicial proceedings. Having dared to oppose, they subjected themselves to the consequence—suppression; and no liberal paper was permitted to appear. This measure was final, and sealed the doom both of ministers and

monarch. On the twenty-sixth of July, the bank refused to discount bills, and the manufacturers discharged their workmen. On the twenty-seventh, all the liberal journals were seized, and this event appears to have been the signal for the revolution. An attack by the people on the *gend'armes* was the first overt act, and the fatal results were deemed a victory by the ministerialists.

All Paris was now in arms, and a civil war had commenced. Marmont, duke of Ragusa, commanded the king's troops; the people were led by principles. The National guard assumed the old uniform, and appointed Lafayette their commander; while the tri-coloured flag was displayed from many of the public buildings. The contest began in the Place de Grève, and shifted thence to the area in front of the Hôtel de Ville. This building, after acknowledging each party masters in turn, finally remained in the power of the people. Faithful to their duty, the Swiss guards, as in the older revolution, defended the Louvre, and the royal lancers held the Pont Neuf. But victory could not long remain doubtful; the soldiers refused to fire on the people; the latter tore up the pavement, to supply missiles; the scholars of the Polytechnic threw themselves into the *mêlée*, and infused new courage into the exhausted patriots; and on the twenty-ninth of July, when upwards of eight thousand soldiers and citizens had been slain, Paris was conquered.

The Deputies elected by the people issued a proclamation on the thirty-first, declaring that they had invited Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, to become Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom; and in a few hours after, the illustrious prince entered Paris, wearing the "glorious colours." The king having fled to Rambouillet, and sent his abdication to the Deputies, it was immediately resolved to offer the vacant throne to the Duke of Orleans; and on the ninth of August his royal highness took the prescribed constitutional oath, and ascended the throne as King of the French.

History has but few events to show, which can be compared with the struggle that placed the Duke of Orleans on the throne of France; and perhaps the examples are fewer, of a prince selected under such circumstances, subsequently proving such an eminent benefactor to his country. The Parisians, in that revolution, fought almost without arms, against a skilful general, at the head of the best-disciplined troops in Europe; and the object for which they contended was neither personal safety nor territorial aggrandizement, but purely and entirely a political principle. Viewing their conduct, therefore, impartially, and placing it in juxta-position with similar movements in other lands, the change they effected in the government of France is eminently entitled to the character of a moral revolution.



The Mars Ultor, Rome

F R A N C E.

THE MAISON CARRÉE, NISMES.

It has no name, no honourable note,
No chronicle of all its antique pride,
To testify what once it was ; how great !
How glorious ! how revered !

THE building vulgarly called the Maison Carrée, or square house, is one of the most perfect and beautiful relics of Roman art in existence. This character is sustained by the exquisite sculpture with which it is adorned, and the fair proportions which it displays. Excavations made in the year 1822, have disclosed a fact long concealed from the antiquary, namely, that the Maison Carrée was not originally an isolated temple, but only the sanctuary of some great structure, the remains of which have since been traced in the vicinity, and it is conjectured that here once was the Forum of ancient Nemausus, the Nismes of to-day. Vitruvius has laid down rules, which are violated in the design of the Maison Carrée, and, according to that great writer's decision, this building is pseudoperipteral. Illegitimacy in this instance has found the most universal support, for no building in Europe is estimated more highly, valued more entirely as a gem of ancient art, than this interesting architectural record.

The ichnographic plan is a parallelogram, eighty feet in length by forty in width, the inner area being of little more than half these dimensions. The entrance fronts the north, and consists of a grand portico open on three sides, consisting of ten beautiful Corinthian columns, detached, fluted, having highly enriched capitals, and supporting a superb entablature with a decorated architrave, frieze, and cornice. Six columns stand in the façade, and two on either side of the portico. The entrance-door within the portico is also adorned with pilasters of admirable design and execution. The attention of artists is uniformly attracted by the very delicate carvings of the frieze and cornice, and the grand vestibule itself has supplied the original for the portico of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, and the new Royal Exchange, both in London. This fine

peristyle is approached by a flight of fifteen steps enclosed between pedestals still lower by two steps than the plateau of the portico.

The whole number of surrounding columns is thirty, of these ten only are detached, the remainder appearing only as half columns engaged in the enclosing wall; they are all of a beautiful white marble, and their height is equal to ten and a quarter diameters.

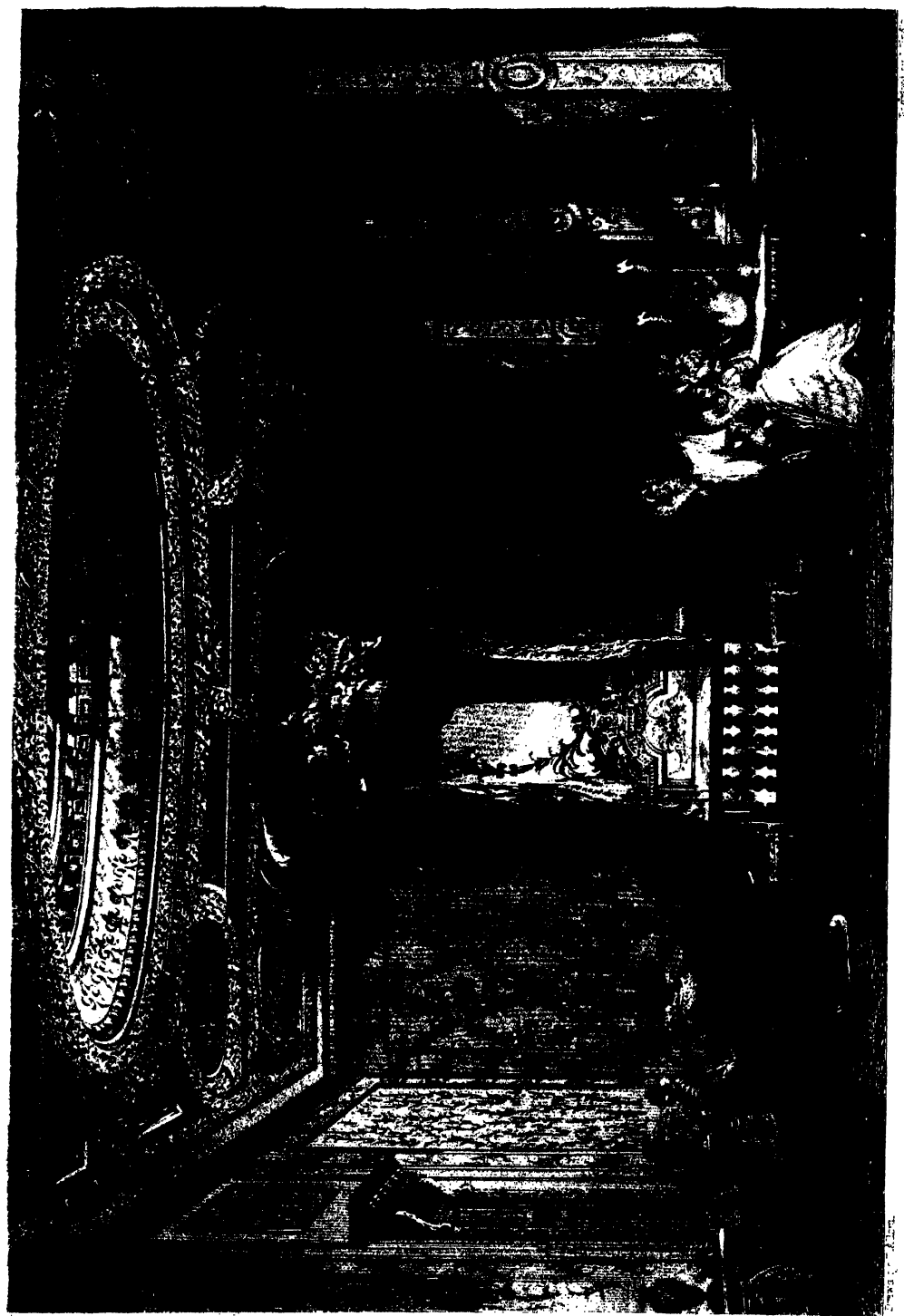
Amidst many vicissitudes, this exquisite work has escaped entire. In Augustus's reign, they say it was a temple of the gods; it was afterwards a Christian church; and later, the Town-Hall of Nismes. Desecration did not cease here, for a proprietor of the public diligences and voitures hired the Maison for his store-house, and, to enlarge its capacity, built up the intermediate spaces of the vestibule with stone and mortar. After this indignity it became attached to an Augustinian convert, and the heads of that religious establishment made it their mausoleum; a revolutionary tribunal was erected amongst the tombs during the republic, and since the restoration of the monarchy it has been converted into a *Museum*.

A remarkable example of the presumption that accompanies ignorance is exhibited in the position which a modern artist has chosen for the theatre of Nismes. Perhaps a more striking contrast between beauty and deformity has never been presented in works of art, than exists between the ancient temple of the Maison Carrée, and the modern portico that stands beside it.

Conjectures as to the original destination of this building are now probably superfluous, because they are based on the hypothesis that it was an isolated building, a theory which recent discoveries have explicitly contradicted. Therefore, the idea that it was erected by Hadrian, in honour of Plotina, his adoptive mother, need scarcely be entertained. It is true that he desired such a monument to be raised to her memory, as he passed through Nismes on his return from Britain, but as the Maison is but a small part of some great edifice, it is obviously not identical with a mere sepulchral honour.

Mons. Seguin, a learned antiquary, and member of the Academy of Nismes, by great pains and industry, recovered, as he supposed, an inscription on the frieze, which had been utterly lost. According to his interpretation, this temple was erected in honour of Caius and Lucius, the sons of Marcus Agrippa, and grandsons of Augustus Cæsar, the elder of whom died in Syria, and the younger at Marseilles, on his way from Rome to Nismes. The only assistance M. Seguin had in discovering this very problematical inscription, was the holes into which the cramps were inserted that held the bronze letters of the inscription.

An iron balustrade enclosing the whole structure preserves it effectually from premeditated injury, and leaves the spectator a more advantageous view of the temple's admirable symmetry. Within the area are collected various carved blocks, parts of cornices and capitals, and shafts and friezes of buildings that stood in the vicinity, and were once probably incorporated with the great structure of which alone the Maison Carrée now remains.



The Museum, White Hall, London. (The British Museum)

THE QUEEN'S STATE BED-CHAMBER,

FONTAINEBLEAU.

•
 " Yet 'tis not here that I should dwell,
 Though fair the palace be
 The summer's favourite citadel :—
 A busier place for me."

The Retreat.

ONE of the apartments shown to the public, is the Queen's state bed-room. An immense medallion, accompanied by four smaller ones, variously decorated, yet uniting in design, forms the ceiling, which is of handsome wood-work, beautifully sculptured and richly gilded. It was built in the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. The doors are from designs of the time of Louis XVI., and so also are the chimney-piece, the windows, and their accompanying decorations. The state-bed and its canopy, which have replaced the ancient alcove, as well as all the other furniture, are of the same date; but the stuff, manufactured at Lyons in 1785, was not made use of until the commencement of the Imperial government.

This apartment communicates with the Queen's boudoir, formerly called the Cabinet of the Emperors, because Charles IX. had the twelve Cæsars, on horseback, larger than life, painted on canvass, and placed here. During the reign of Louis XIII., this apartment became one of the most favourite in the palace, and was embellished with paintings by the first masters. Louis XVI. destroyed it, and caused it to be replaced by the boudoir, which is now shown to visitors, as well as by the little room which is above it. This boudoir, so remarkably costly, is ornamented with painted hangings upon a silver ground. The arabesques which adorn the panels are very graceful; the floor is mahogany, in the centre the arms of Marie-Antoinette are inserted. The ceiling was painted by Barthélemy, which leads to the supposition that the decorations altogether date from the year 1780: in short, nothing has been neglected, in order to give to this apartment all the elegance which would be required for such a distinction. It is lighted by two windows, looking into the king's garden. The fastening of each window is a blue and gold thyrsus, out of which an acanthus is chiselled with much ingenuity. This piece of workmanship, which the cleverest artist might be proud of, is attributed to the unfortunate Louis XVI. Above this is the Turkish apartment, consisting of a small saloon and bed-chamber, fitted up after the Eastern fashion.

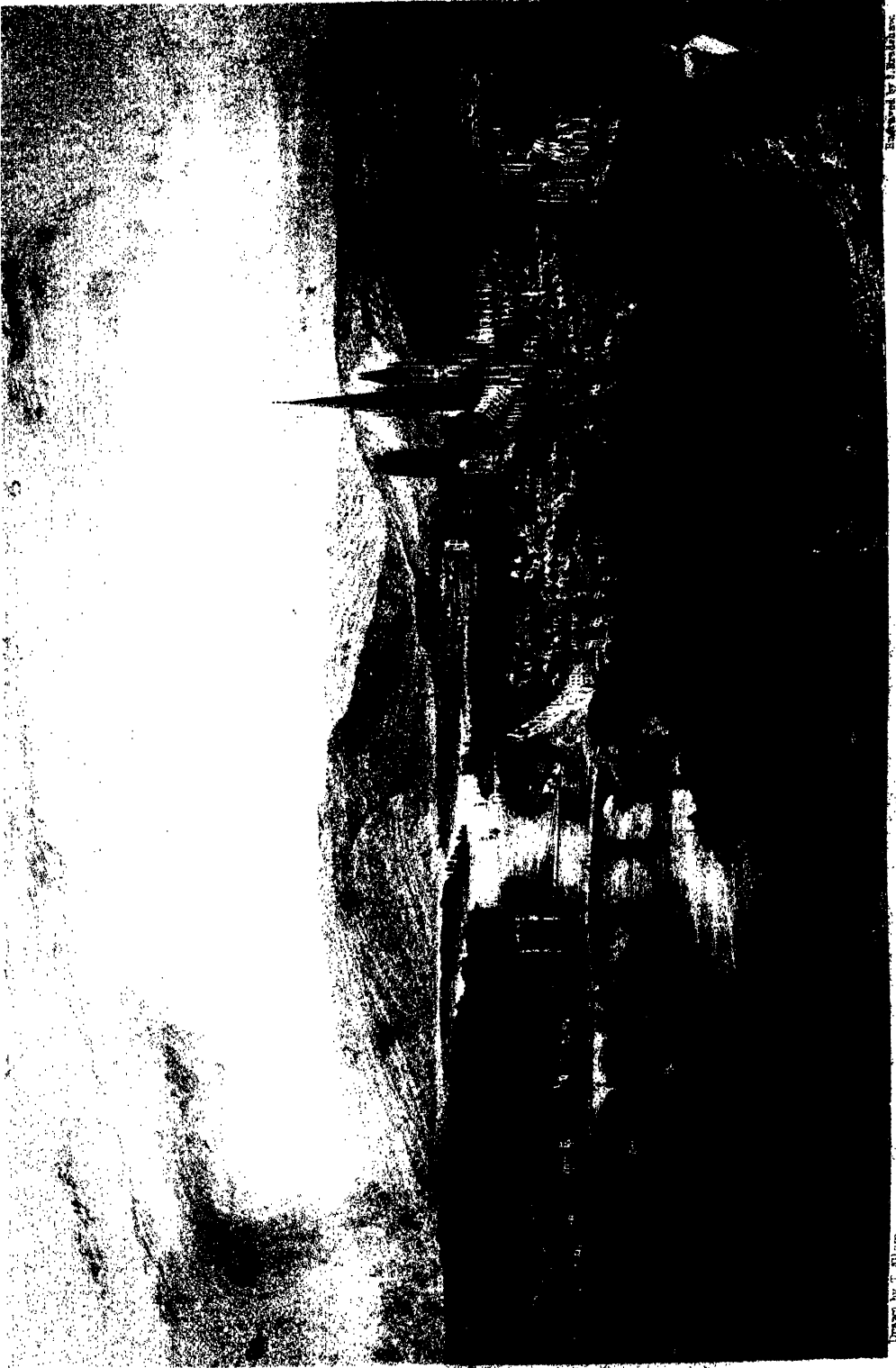
ROUEN, FROM THE SEINE.

So stands it when the morning light
 First steals upon the skies ; ●
 And shadow'd by the fallen night
 The sleeping city lies.

ROUEN possesses, in an eminent degree, all that venerable and majestic air that belongs to those continental cities, that were the immediate fruit of feudalism. It is extensive, but compact ; the avenues are numerous and narrow, but the buildings are lofty and architectural. The designs vary with the ages they record, and every era, since the arts were enthroned, is here illustrated, with the exception of the latest. Tourists are at once struck with the similarity that prevails between all feudal cities, and no better specimen of those romantic ages can be found than the ancient and beautiful city of Rouen. When a recent traveller approached the Seine, where this venerable city slumbers on its banks, he exclaimed—"The Rhine ! the Rhine !—Not," he writes, "that the Seine comes up by any means to the Rhine, but individual parts of the former involuntarily remind the traveller of the German river ; and a league or two above Rouen, where the road from Paris descends from the elevated plains into the valley of the Seine, there is such a spot ! The rocks on one side lift their heads aloft in the clouds, while a rich vale, covered with luxuriant crops and studded with timber, appears on the other. The nearer you approach the city, the stronger the impression of the resemblance to Germany becomes ; and when you have entered it, when the diligence is threading its way through the narrow streets, the numerous churches, with their Gothic towers, and the old Frankish houses, would almost persuade you that you are still on the other side of the Rhine."

A modern guide-book, exceeded in usefulness and accuracy by no rival of recent date, describes this noble city in the language of familiarity and of truth also—"Rouen, anciently Rotomagus, the capital of ancient Normandy, and the chief town of the department of the Seine Inferieure, is agreeably seated on the Seine, and yields to no provincial town in France, in its majestic and venerable aspect, in historic associations, and in magnificent buildings—the triumph of the ecclesiastical and civil architecture of the middle ages. It has this advantage also over most other ancient towns, that it is not a mere heap of dry bones, destitute of life, and abandoned by commerce ; its narrow streets, of gable-faced, timber-fronted mansions, swarm like an ant-hill with busy crowds passing to and fro ; it is a focus of trade, and the chief seat of the cotton manufacture in France. It may be called, indeed, the French Manchester. It contains 92,000 inhabitants, and is surpassed in population by only four cities in the kingdom."*

* Murray's Hand-Book, p. 35.



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Drawn by T. Allen



Being seventy miles from the sea, it enjoys security from sudden hostile aggression ; and the river being navigable by vessels of 200 tons up to the town, an active commerce is at the same time retained. The quays are extensive, convenient, and form an agreeable promenade, and the Seine is crossed here by two bridges, one of stone, recently executed ; the other, formerly of pontoons, paved, and rising and falling with the tide, is succeeded by a handsome suspension bridge, that does not obstruct the navigation. The transit trade of Rouen is considerable, especially since the establishment of steamboats between Havre and Paris, but it is for its manufactures that it is chiefly celebrated. These include cotton, linen, woollen, hardware, paper, hats, pottery, &c. There are, besides, many sugar-refiners in the city, and dyeing is extensively carried on. However, the main staple is cotton-spinning and weaving, which occupies two-thirds of the 55,000 persons engaged in manufactures, and so constitutes the same proportion of the two millions sterling of manufactured goods commonly produced.

THE GOTHIC BRIDGE OF EUDES, TOURS.

How often have I led the sportive choir
 With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring *Loire* !
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew.

GOLDSMITH.

THE banks of the Loire are almost everywhere covered with villages, villas, cottages, cities, and churches : the vineyards present the most agreeable prospect, the plants climbing the steepest acclivities, and occupying stations unsusceptible of any other culture. These rich scenes are exchanged rapidly for others less precipitous, less bold, but neither less romantic or picturesque—scenes abounding in sylvan and in civic beauty. Nothing can exceed the charming site of the old city of Tours. It stands upon a plain included between two noble rivers, the Loire and the Cher, the surface being subdivided into compartments of every variety of cultivated land, corn-fields studded with fruit-trees, and the eye failing to find the boundary of the view, before a range of richly-cultivated hills ascends to protect the crops on the low-land from the west winds, that sometimes sweep destructively over less favoured localities.

The approach to the city is a magnificent panorama, and the *coup-d'œil* remarkably grand. A bridge which spans the Loire is fourteen hundred feet in length, and forty-five in width, having seventeen noble arches, and its causeway leads in a direct line to the *rue royale*, an avenue of great elegance. The town having been almost wholly destroyed by fire, Louis XVI. rebuilt the fronts of this grand vista, at the expense of the nation, on condition that the proprietors of the soil should restore the rest of the houses.

In the vicinity are many exquisite close scenes, matchless in the gracefulness with which their different parts compose. None of these exceed in agreeable and calm character the picture which the old broken bridge of Eudes, the sluggish stream beneath it, the tapering poplars and spreading elms that wave over it, and the clustered towers of St. Martin's cathedral that out-top the city-roofs, affords.

Eudes, Count of Champagne, was a nobleman of the boldest courage, and greatest caution. He contended successfully against the emperor, who pretended to the throne of Arles and Provence, so that when the nobles of Lombardy came into France in search of a king, they offered the crown not to Henry the First, but to Count Eudes. Encircled with victorious laurels, the voice of the people called Eudes to the throne, during the minority of the infant Charles; and, when he acceded to their wishes, he solemnly declared that he did so as guardian of the rightful prince. This generosity averted the blow that Germany aimed at France, and inscribed the name of Eudes amongst its kings. His vigour was exerted to restrain ambitious chiefs, re-establish regal authority, and introduce the arts of peace and industry amongst his subjects. Having subdued and slain Walgaire, repulsed the confederate armies from the gates of Paris, and extinguished everywhere the torch of discord, he proclaimed Charles the Simple, monarch of France, retaining for himself the district between the Seine and the Pyrenees, as a feudal tenure.

Tours was once the favoured residence of this illustrious prince, and the citizen points, with pardonable pride, to the surviving evidence, that one so brave, generous, and just, selected this fair city as his most frequent home.

PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.

PARIS.

The chosen ruler now resumes the helm,
 He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;
 Hope cheers with wonted smiles the peaceful realm,
 And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

THE façade of this sumptuous palace extends nearly one thousand feet, and the Pavillon de l'Horloge, its majestic centre, commands a view through a long vista of aged chestnut trees, across the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, and the Triumphal Arch, to the beautiful bridge of Neuilly, a distance of three full miles. There cannot be imagined a more imposing or exciting spectacle of the kind—one often imitated, but nowhere equalled—than the gay parterres, the foaming fountains, and stately groves, that lead the eye insensibly to the long drawn avenue, embellished but broken midway by the obelisk of Luxor, in the Place de la Concorde, and terminated

by the celebrated colossal Arch of Triumph. But to whatever quarter the eye may be directed, the view is degraded by no unpicturesque or even unpleasant object. On one side is the Rue de Rivoli, a regular range of lofty buildings, sustained by an open arcade; on the other, the palaces of the nobility, succeeding one another along the sloping banks of the Seine, form the side-scene of the picture.

The gardens of the Tuileries are open to the public from eight o'clock in the forenoon until sunset, and all are admitted indiscriminately, save persons carrying burdens—a caution not confined to these beautiful promenades and palace-yards, but observed, scrupulously, in most great public institutions of France and England. No royal palace is approached by the people more nearly or less ceremoniously than this; there is a thoroughfare through the very hall or vestibule, and a single sentinel stationed there, prevents intrusion into the apartments, the grand staircase opening directly into the public passage. It is the line drawn from the Place Caroussel that passes through the vestibule, which, passing across the gardens, connects the fashionable faubourgs of St. Honoré and St. Germain, and, of course, resembles a moving picture during the greater part of the day.

The style of architecture does not mark any particular age; begun after the Renaissance, it was continued during a series of years. The tile-kilns, from which the present name of this royal home is derived, were the common depository of builders' rubbish, until purchased by Francis I., to enclose and complete the areas around the Louvre. Adjoining this locality there was a villa, where Louisa of Savoy, the mother of Francis, resided, which she bequeathed to Jean Tiercelir, maitre d'hotel, and this successor parting with his interests, the estate was purchased by Catherine de Medicis, who commenced the present vast edifice for her personal residence.

Philibert Delorme and Jean Bullant were the first architects engaged on the work, and they proceeded so far as the erection of the central and terminal pavilions. At this critical moment, the works were suspended, in consequence of an admonition pronounced by the royal astrologers, "Beware of St. Germain!"—This ominous announcement penetrated deeply the heart of the Queen, for it reminded her that her new palace was rising in the very parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and within sound of the tocsin that tolled the death-knell of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day. As that bloody tragedy was enacted under her auspices, she feared that vengeance which ever impends over the guilty; and, as if the decrees of Providence could be averted by the precautions of man, postponed altogether her intention of completing the Tuileries.

Until the reign of Henri Quatre, no further additions were made to the imperfect design; under that prince, however, the building was entirely resumed, Duperac and Ducerceau added two long ranges of apartments, and raised two still loftier pavilions. The grand gallery was commenced at this period, and continued from the Tuileries to the palace of the Louvre, by command of Louis XIII.

Built at different dates, a want of harmony prevailed throughout the exterior; this was partially remedied by Leveau and D'Orbay, and by order of Louis XIV., and the

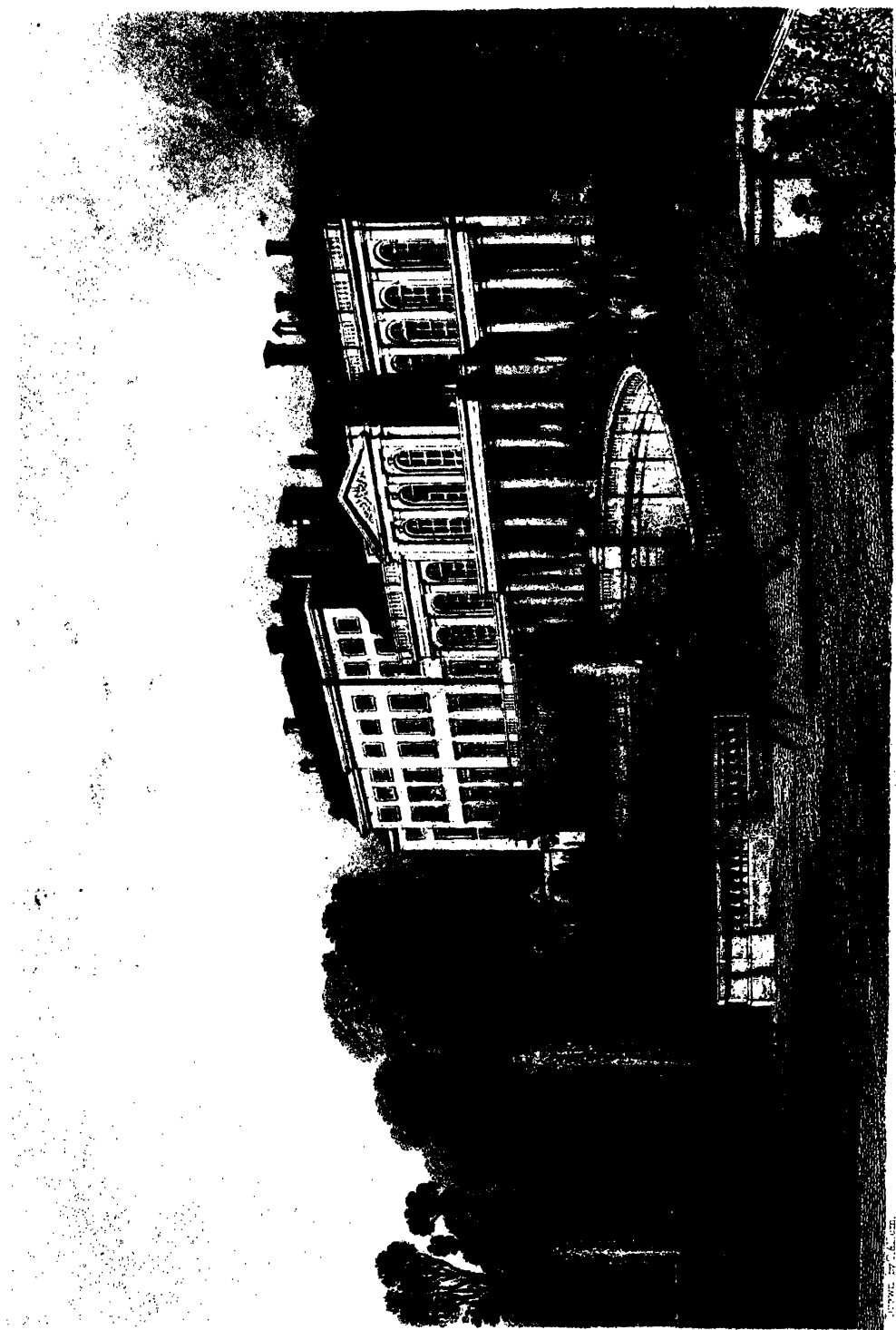
elevation as it now stands is precisely as those eminent architects left it. A communication was opened on the north side, with the Louvre, during the imperial government, and Louis Philippe improved and beautified the garden front.

Known as the manner that followed the Renaissance of the sixteenth century, the Tuileries exhibit all the peculiarities, and graces, probably, that belong to that revival. A repetition of this manner may also be examined in the church of Saint Eustache, a work rather of curiosity than refined taste in art.

The total length of the grand façade is one thousand feet; the maximum depth or breadth one hundred. Although to the design no definite style can be ascribed, yet much order and method prevail throughout, and the rules of architecture were scrupulously observed by the great masters engaged in rearing this stately pile. The columns and pilasters of the lower story are of the Ionic order, those of the second, Corinthian; and of the third, Composite. Each order has been adapted to the age of the arts in which it was here introduced, amongst which none is so remarkable and characteristic as the band, or block, that almost disfigures the Ionic shaft. In the original design there were long terraces above the open arcades, connecting the centre and wings of the garden front, but one of these only remains, the other has made way for a new staircase. The *tout ensemble* of this venerable palace is majestic—a character derived from its great length and elevation, rather than from any high architectural pretensions. The other fronts are plain, but that towards the garden is broken by projecting or receding masses, that throw deep shadows over the great line, and break it into less tedious lengths. The two great pavilions, de Flore and Marsan, are distinguished by their lofty windows, lofty roofs, and general boldness of form and character. They have been often imitated elsewhere, but it is obvious, that when deprived of their colossal proportions, they lose much of their interest and much also of their beauty.

But the claims of the Tuileries to notice and recollection belong more to time than to taste, to history than to art. Catherine de Medicis first dwelt here, and afterwards at the Hotel des Soissons; Charles IX. resided here constantly, but after his death the Tuileries ceased to be the favoured home of royalty, until the time of the thirteenth Louis. The fourteenth Louis only dwelt here until Versailles was ready to receive him, after which the French court seldom remained in Paris. The Regent, Orleans, made this his official residence, during the minority of Louis XV., after which period, until the involuntary return of Louis XVI., the occupants of the innumerable apartments here were the retainers and relatives of the court and cabinet.

Widder's and S. C. Co.



PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

Were I a prince, it is not all
 The charms of court, or crowded hall,
 Could keep me from the lovelier sight
 Of blooming earth and rivers bright.

But here I'd come,
 And find my home,
 Sweet scene of peace, no more to roam.

MRS. ELLIS.

A GREATER degree of popularity belongs to the palace and park of St. Cloud, than to Versailles, or Fontainebleau, or St. Germain. Its proximity to Paris, delightful situation on the river, agreeable promenades amidst its groves, and last, not least, the days and evenings of ecstasy passed by the Parisians in "its alleys green," during the periodic festivities in these fairy grounds, have occasioned this favoritism. But the partiality for St. Cloud has extended to the rulers as well as to the people; and here, the most illustrious, as well as most unhappy, of those whose fortunes were interwoven with national history, through preference fixed their constant residence.

The palace is an irregular structure, including various and varied designs, forming altogether an agreeable, but by no means architectural façade. Jean de Gondy, a wealthy merchant, bought these grounds, and raised a mansion on them suitable to their extent, in the year 1572. The next occupant was an archbishop of Paris; and his three immediate successors made St. Cloud the episcopal palace. At that period, the gardens, and grounds, and groves were celebrated for their beauty, and were visited with as much fondness as at the present day. The four archbishops, all members of the same family, were succeeded at St. Cloud, then called Château de Gondy, by Louis XIV. This monarch purchased the estate in 1618, and presented it to his favourite brother, the Duke of Orleans, who expended here a vast amount of treasure, in rendering it a suitable residence for princes, and conformable to his ideas of taste and splendour. Three able artists were engaged to convert the gardens into pleasing landscapes, and give to the massive proportions of the ancient hall, graces more light and fanciful. Lepaute and Girard accomplished one portion of these labours—Mansard, the Christopher Wren of Paris, the other.

In extending the accommodations of the palace and the pleasure-grounds, the talents of Le Notre were subsequently enrolled, and his success fully equalled his employer's anticipations.

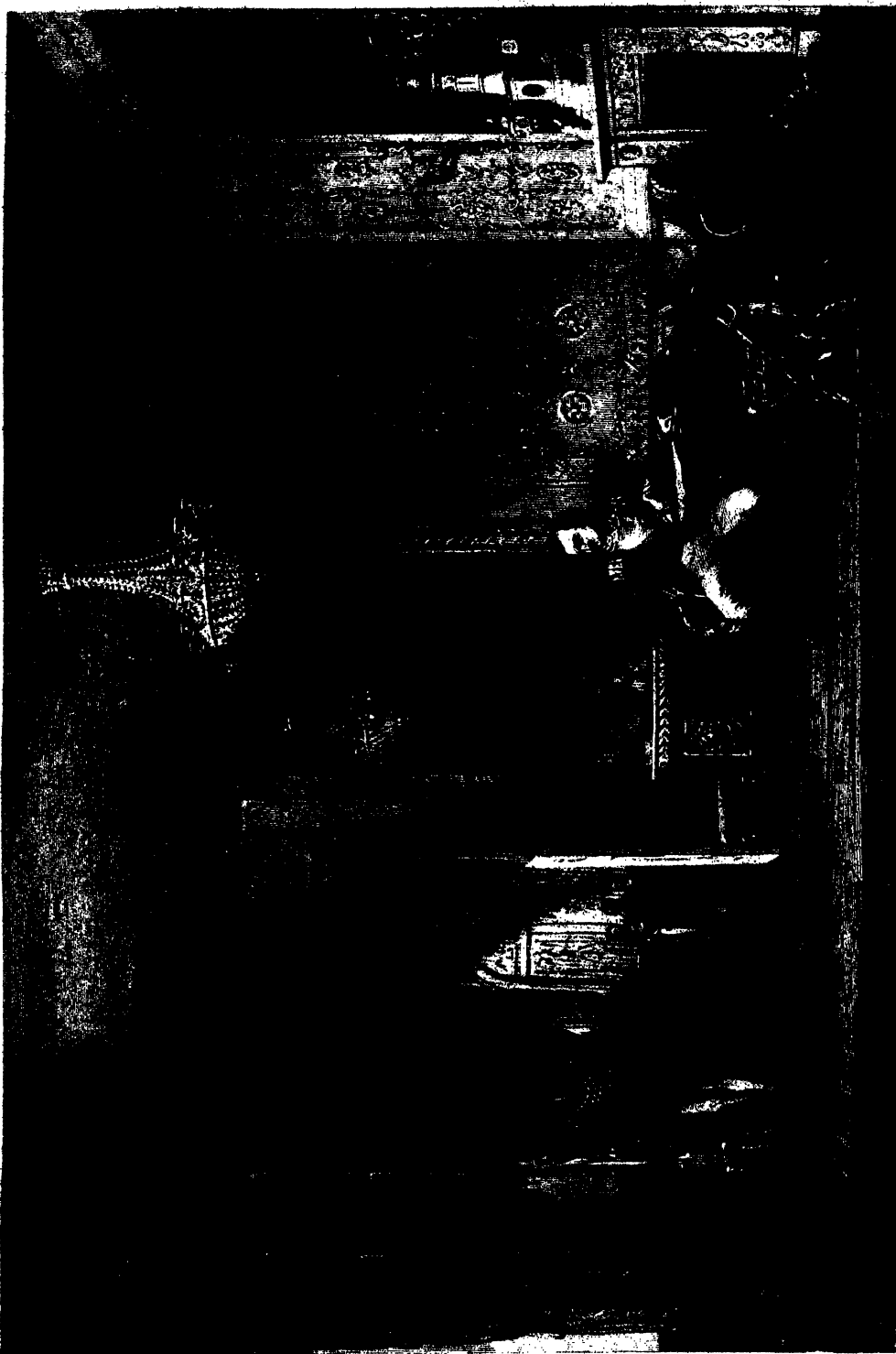
Until 1782, St. Cloud continued to be the favourite family seat of the Dukes of Orleans; but in that year it passed, by purchase, to Louis XVI., who presented the estate to his queen, Marie Antoinette. This remarkable woman, so celebrated in the melancholy history of the first Revolution, appears to have been particularly partial to this

residence ; she enlarged the buildings considerably, improved the gardens, and opened new pleasure-grounds.

Jules Janin introduces the following spirited little sketch, of the details that may be imagined to have marked the private meeting between Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau:—
 “ It is night, the autumn wind howls through the trees, the yellow leaves are hurled even to the sky, a lamentable noise fills the melancholy forest. On the deserted terrace you may distinguish, by the dim light that proceeds from the stormy heavens, a man walking, who is wrapped in a black cloak ; his step is agitated, his look is restless, his gesture is full of pity : he waits, but like a person who would not wish the appointed hour would come so quickly ; he waits like one who is afraid of his own triumph. Suddenly, at a certain hour of the night, half opens the door of that house from which royalty is already exiled. From this half-opened door issues a woman of noble appearance ; her countenance is pale, her forehead is clear ; by her step, by her courage, you may recognize a queen !—it is a queen, and the man who waits for her is Mirabeau ! The tribune throws himself at the knees of this conquered majesty ; he dares not touch with his hands, he dares not touch with his lips, the hand which is extended towards him. He asks pardon, he implores forgiveness ! Now he can understand all the violence of the blows he has given, to this monarchy of many centuries’ duration !

“ The queen raises Mirabeau, and without ostentation, without disguise, without pride, she says to him—‘ *Save us !* ’ Then, in the mind of this fiery democrat, who had violently thrown down every obstacle that opposed itself to his greatness, is wrought one of those miracles which would have saved a less desperate party ; the gentleman shines out again from beneath the tribune—the draper gives place to the Count Mirabeau. The evil days of his turbulent youth disappear from his remembrance and his reproaches. The Fort de Joux and the Château de Vincennes, and all the *lettres des cachet*, and all the insults formerly offered him, have no longer any power over his reconciled mind ; these lamentable recollections are effaced at the first view of the queen of France—she is a queen, she is a woman, she is a mother, and she supplicates. This time Marie Antoinette is triumphant—Mirabeau is conquered. The tribune quits the terrace of St. Cloud, resolved to save the throne of Louis XVI.”

Napoleon preferred St. Cloud to his other palaces ; and it was there also the first scene of that great drama, which placed him on the imperial throne, was enacted. The Council of Five Hundred were holding their session in the Salle de l’Orangerie of Saint Cloud, on the 11th of November, 1799, when General Buonaparte entered, accompanied by four grenadiers, while the open doors admitted a distinct view of nodding plumes and bristling bayonets without. The grenadiers halting near the door, the general advanced alone to the centre of the Orangerie, amidst cries of—“ Drawn swords in the sanctuary ! ” — “ Outlawry ! ” — “ Let him be proclaimed a traitor.” Several of the council rushed upon him, and one of them, Arena, aimed a dagger at his throat. The grenadiers, infuriated at the violence offered to their general, with breathless haste came to his rescue, receiving the wounds that were aimed at him.



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Buonaparte escaped without injury, and returning to the armed force drawn up before the Orangerie, exclaimed—"I offered them victory and fame, and they answered me with daggers."

Lucien Buonaparte was president of the council, and finding all remonstrance vain, he withdrew also, and sought security amidst the armed legions outside. There he declared that factious men, with daggers in their hands, interrupted the deliberations, and that force ought instantly to be employed. Le Clerc, at the head of a company of grenadiers, entered the Orangerie, amidst reiterated shouts of "*Vive la Republique!*" Of these manifestations he took no notice, but desiring the deputies to disperse, and ordering the grenadiers to level their pieces, he terminated the contest for supremacy between Napoleon and the French people. The deputies escaped through side-doors and windows, and every other aperture affording egress, leaving this hall of parliament to the dictator, precisely as Cromwell was allowed to retain possession of the British House of Commons, when he desired one of his myrmidons "to take away the shining bauble, and lock-up the doors."

Here the court resided at the period of the first Revolution—here Napoleon first raised the standard of absolutism—and it was here also that the first intelligence of another revolution reached Charles X., in the memorable year of 1830.

SALON DE L'ABDICATION,

FONTAINEBLEAU.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
 Whose spirit antithetically mixt,
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt,
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine. BYRON.

ALTHOUGH inferior in proportions, decorations, and antique splendour to the apartments of ceremony named after the Henrys, no cabinet at Fontainebleau is more entirely immortalized than that called the Salon de l'Abdication. The ceiling is adorned with a painting on canvass, enclosed by a rich gilt frame or cornice, representing Power and Justice, painted with admirable effect by Renaud. It was in the Cabinet de Travail, writes a French historian, and in the left corner as you enter, that the Emperor Napoleon, betrayed by fortune and abandoned by many of those men whom he had raised to the highest offices in the state, signed his abdication in 1814. Posterity will visit with feelings of respect, those places that were witnesses to a political event of such great interest, and which will be found recorded by a fac-simile

of the Emperor's hand-writing, which has been suspended on the wainscot, close to the little table on which the original was signed, by order of King Louis Philippe.

It was at early morn on the third of April, 1814, that Caulincourt returned from his mission to the palace of Fontainebleau, bringing tidings of events that seemed to seal the fate of Napoleon. He stated the uncertainty that prevailed as to the temporary government of the kingdom, and the hesitation of the allied sovereigns with respect to the appointment of a regent,—concluding, however, with the assurance, that whatever decision might hereafter be formed, on that and other points of policy, on one point, the Emperor's abdication, they were firmly resolved. Napoleon lost none of his wonted firmness at this announcement; on the contrary, he expressed his intention of again meeting his enemies on the battle-field. Not so, however, his veteran Marshals, his companions in the hundred fights, who, in reply to their chieftain's call to arms, unanimously declined accompanying him any longer in his career of ambition.

Turning from his Marshals to his men, he sought higher sentiments in the lower ranks, and was not mistaken in his expectations, for, when he had concluded an exposé of the treasonable proceedings at Paris, and the desertion of those whom he had cherished with a father's fondness, shouts of "to Paris! to Paris!" rang through the air for several minutes. Relying on the attachment of his legions so clamorously pronounced, the Emperor resolved on appealing to the goddess of war once more, and directed head-quarters to be advanced to Essone. He had about 50,000 men under his immediate orders in the vicinity of Fontainebleau, including Marmont's division, which had been permitted to retire from Paris, and the division which himself led thither from Troyes; and with this force he determined to move upon Paris without delay.

But the hopes that were raised by the enthusiasm of his soldiers passing in review, were dissipated immediately after by his generals. These faithless followers of his fortunes entered his private chamber in the palace, and remonstrated with him on the impolicy of such a step as the siege of Paris, in terms that left no doubt on his mind of his having totally lost their allegiance. They told him plainly, that his abdication was demanded by the nation, as well as by themselves, and that they would not be parties to any attack on the capital. The Emperor heard their remonstrance in silence; and continued in the same thoughtful mood, and attitude, for some minutes after they had concluded; then resuming arguments for awhile, he gradually yielded, and seating himself with apparent composure at the little round table, still preserved in the cabinet de Travail, drew up the following document:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, he, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even to relinquish life, for the good of his country; which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency in the person of the Empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the Empire." "Done at our palace of Fontainebleau, April 4th, 1814. —Napoleon."

Caulincourt was employed to convey this document to Paris, where the Senate had

already risen against absolute authority, and the marshals required the attendance of Ney, before the allies and the senate, on their behalf. Marmont, one of the last who forsook his master, was named by the Emperor as one of the deputation, but being at Essone with the advanced-guard, and events not admitting of delay, his place was taken by Marshal Macdonald. The deputies asked for distinct instructions, and especially desired to know to what stipulations, with regard to the Emperor's personal position, or security, they were restricted; to which he answered—"None, obtain the best terms you can for France; for myself, ask nothing."

His conduct and deportment during these remarkable events became the elevated position which he had filled, and fully sustained his characteristic magnanimity. When the deputation left the chamber, however, he threw himself on a couch, hid his face with his hands for a few minutes, then suddenly starting from a sort of reverie in which he was wrapt, exclaimed—"My comrades, let us march,—let us once more enter the field of battle." The silence that prevailed was interrupted by some sobs and tears; he, too, became silent—dismissed the assemblage—and the Empire of the French may then be said to have ended.

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS.

"Hark! the loud organ's peal—the cloistered train,
With measured footsteps, and with thoughtful air,
Approach the precincts of the holy fane,
Vigil to keep, and breathe the midnight prayer."

OWEN HOWELL.

A SPECIES of superstition, from which even reformers are not exempt, has led to the establishment of each new religion on the altars of the old. Hence heathen temples have been converted into Christian churches, and the followers of Mahomet have desecrated some of the noblest ecclesiastical buildings, by unfurling within their aisles their unholy standard. An altar, and perhaps a temple also, to Olympian Jove, once occupied the site of Notre-Dame cathedral; but, these have yielded to the impulses of that change that is in everlasting progress, in religion as well as social communities, and were converted into a church dedicated to Stephen the Martyr, in the year 365, when Valentinian I. was emperor of Rome. Childebert, the son of Clovis, a prince of piety and learning, was recommended, by the venerable Saint Germain, to enlarge and enrich this sacred edifice, and it was about the year 522 that the embellishments which he suggested were executed. Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, a contemporary of St Germain, eulogizes the beauty and extent of this venerated temple, which he places above that of Solomon in spiritual, although not in architectural superiority. Childebert having added to the original building a Lady-chapel, the whole edifice henceforward

took its name from this royal foundation ; and Robert, the son of Hugh Capet, raised the principal part of the splendid church, which still preserves the designation of the cathedral of Notre-Dame. To the original design many additions were soon after made ; Pope Alexander III. was amongst the earliest benefactors, and most liberal patrons, of the grand undertaking, in return for the hospitality he experienced from Maurice de Saliac, bishop of Paris, to whom he fled for shelter from his enemies. In 1177, the apsis of the choir was built, but not roofed, and further progress was made towards completion, at this period, by bishop Maurice. In 1182 the high altar was publicly consecrated by Henry, legate of the see of Rome ; and Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem, who came to Paris to preach the third crusade, performed high mass, for the first time, in the choir of the cathedral.

The dimensions of the building are noble and just ; there was formerly a brass tablet attached to one of the pillars, on which they were inscribed, but the frenzied zeal of revolutionary eras consigned it to destruction. It was there recorded that the length of the nave and choir was 390 feet, and of the transepts 144 ; the height of the vaulting 102 feet, above which rises a roof of chestnut-wood to a point still thirty feet higher. The weight of lead covering the roof exceeds four hundred thousand pounds, and the diameter of the marigold windows measures thirty-six feet. These were the statistics of the building, traced upon the tablet which offended the reformers. The style is the early pointed, or first order of Gothic ; and, in the additions made at periods subsequent to the original erection, so closely has the manner been observed, that distinction is extremely difficult—in fact, there is no difference between the parts built in different ages, with the exception of a somewhat higher finish in the later workmanship. The columns that sustain the side-aisles are alternately plain and clustered, and the capitals of all, both in the centre and side aisles, are beautifully enriched.

A triforium is carried over one aisle only, save at the transepts, where it is adapted to two, although neither transept, in fact, has any aisle. The opening of the triforium gallery consists of triple arches, separated by beautifully carved marble colonnettes, the whole canopied by a pointed arch, the *enceinte* of which is pierced by a circular aperture. The triforium gallery of the choir is lighted by coupled arches, enclosed by a single one of greater capacity, the area of which is plain. The clerestory consists of pointed windows of two compartments, each having a circular light above, and the window-heads falling into canopies, singularly adapted to the exigencies of the vaulted ceiling. In every part of the groining, a quadrupartite division prevails, and the vaulting ribs descend to the imposts of the pillars. In the north aisle there is a curious bas-relief, removed here from the chapel of St. Nicholas ; it was taken from the tomb of Etienne Yver, who died about the middle of the fifteenth century, and is intended to represent the Last Judgment. A figure is seen rising from the tomb, and near it is a body covered with worms, in the act of destroying. A colossal statue of St. Christopher stood in the aisle, placed there, in 1413, by Antoine des Essens, but it offended the delicacy of the reformers of 1785, and was, in consequence, removed. The pavement of the nave, side-aisles, and eastern corridors, is of black and white

marble, arranged in diamond shapes ; and two capacious marble shells, for the reception of holy water, stand at the western end of the nave.

The high altar was pulled down, the paintings cut into pieces, the decorations of every kind destroyed, by the revolutionists ; but all these follies were to some extent atoned for by Napoleon. He set up an altar more costly than that which fanaticism had prostrated ; he collected all the reliques, statues, and paintings, that survived the havoc of those memorable days ; and re-opened the cathedral of his capital for holy rites, with all that splendour which he was so capable of assuming.

It was on Easter Sunday, in 1802, that the procession to the church of Notre-Dame took place, for the public restoration of the Catholic worship : the free exercise of their religion had then been for some months allowed to the people, and the churches, which had long been closed, were once more opened, but this was the first occasion, since the establishment of order, in which the constituted authorities had, as a body, assisted in any religious ceremony. Since the extinction of royalty, no public display of this description had been made by the ruling authorities ; and the chief actor in the drama, himself a great observer of mankind, was fully conscious of the value of such pageants in exciting national vanity.

At the appointed hour of departure from the Tuileries, a body of five hundred men, cavalry and infantry, the consular guard, issued slowly from the court ; then followed the carriages of the senate, the legislative body, the tribunate, and all the public officers, with those of the foreign ambassadors, and many private equipages. After these came eight beautiful cream-coloured horses, that had been presented to Buonaparte by the king of Spain, each led by a young mameluke, in the costume of his country ; and then, Roustan, the first consul's mameluke friend, and attendant upon all occasions. To these succeeded the state-coach, with the three consuls, drawn by eight horses, and carrying three footmen, in rich liveries of green velvet, edged with gold. The procession was closed by several troops of cavalry. The cortège returned from Notre-Dame, after the celebration of high mass, in the same order, and was received with even louder marks of approbation by the populace. In the evening there was a concert for the public in the gardens of the Tuileries, and the principal theatres were open for gratuitous admission. The palace and gardens were brilliantly illuminated, and fireworks were displayed in different quarters of Paris.





Drawn by A. Smith.

Engraved by F. Fisher.

Confession in the Whirlpool

Little remains to indicate an ancient settlement here; the church of St. Genès, a Romanesque structure, is probably of the twelfth century; and that of Du Moutier is still more ancient. Some towers of the old castle still stand upright, and give incontestable evidence of having once been important defences; they are surrounded by wild scenery, that lends increased grandeur to their character. "At a ruined gateway, near an antique bridge over the murmuring torrent, is a tower, enclosing a small oratory, where, closed in with bars, through which she can be seen by all, is enthroned Notre Dame des Piques, covered with tinsel and finery."

"Amongst the many fine walks," writes Miss Costello, "we took at Thiers, one to the Château des Hauts was peculiarly agreeable. There is but little remaining of the ancient castle, which, now a modern house, belongs to a family described to us as another band of brothers, like the stalwart sons of Hardicanute, all handsome and fine-looking—'six proper youths and tall.' The last of them lives with a *ci-devant* fairly fair, his sister; both are nearly eighty, and both were confined with gout, which prevented them from extending to us in person the hospitality for which they are celebrated in the country. This castle stands on a high hill, in a most beautiful position, with all the mountains of Auvergne around it, and, before it was ruined by the Revolution, must have been a very handsome domain." "We were seated on a bank in a fine walk in the garden; a magnificent prospect of mountain and vale was spread beneath the adjoining meadows and corn-fields; and we were told, all, as far as we could see, once belonged to the Seigneur des Hauts, but had passed away to other hands at the Revolution, which had left but a small domain and fortune to the most generous and amiable of men."*

ROCHEMAURE, ON THE RHONE.

"The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between
The wild rocks, shaped as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art."

BYRON.

THE banks of the Rhone, from Montelimart almost to Avignon, consist of basaltic rocks, assuming the most fantastic shapes, and exhibiting each transition state, from the rude onion-form to the crystallized and perfect column. It is on rounding the point of Ancona that the three great lava rocks first present their tall majestic forms, combined into one great family, and completely detached and separated from the vast chalky hills, on which, at a distance, they appear so distinctly in relief. The recesses

* Vide *Pilgrimage to Auvergne*, vol. ii. p. 102, &c.

and the curiosities of this basaltic region are explored with facility, by those who approach by the little hamlet of *Les Fontaines*. This pleasing spot, a suitable retreat of health and peace, is overshadowed by a vast mountain-mass, clothed with vineyards and with olive-trees, that are always green, enjoying the first rays of each rising sun. Plantations, meadows, gardens, contribute to adorn the picture by their variety, and scent the air with their fragrance. The landscape is enriched, also, by an extensive panorama, comprehending a long perspective of the noblest river in the south of France, the pleasing scenery around the smiling villages on the river banks, hills mantled over with vines and fruit trees, and every kind of foliage—further, the towns and hamlets of Provence, and yet further, the serrated outline of the lofty Alps.

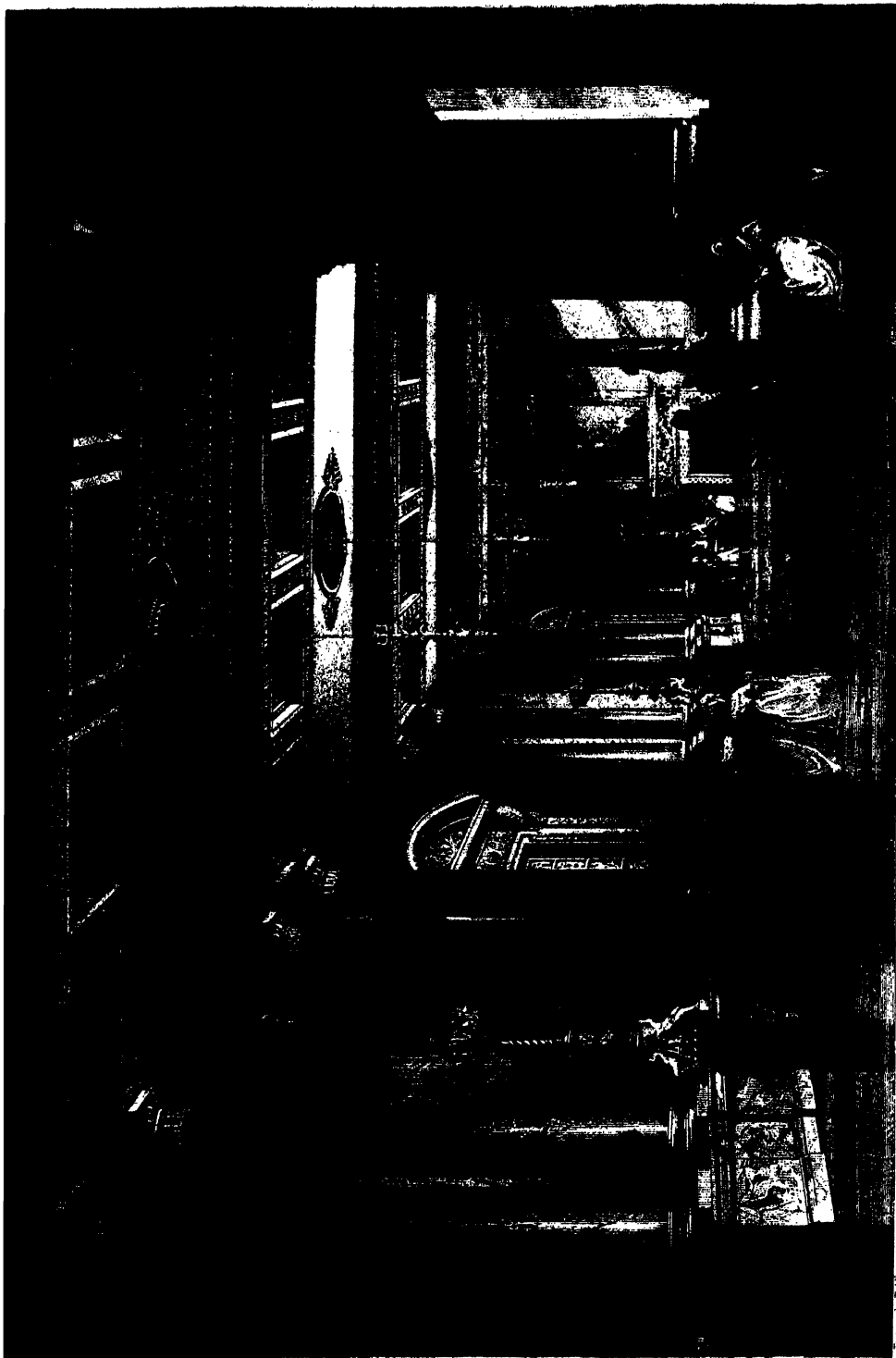
Of the three basaltic piles that give character to the scenery in this locality, the tallest attains an elevation of three hundred feet, its companions falling little short of an equal height. These are all indurated masses of black basalt, and include many of the varieties of trap. Those who favour an igneous origin, not only of basalt, but of created matter, may here read some of those pages which nature occasionally opens to her students. The rudely-formed trap, the basaltic onion, the incipient columnization, and the perfect prism, are all illustrated in the rocks of Rochemaure. Such rocky regions suggest to the lively imaginations of the children of song, never-ending feats of chivalry and romance. Amidst the huge rocks in the pass of Llanberis, Mrs. Radcliffe found the original of Udolpho's castle; in the vale of St. John, the castellated rock is shown, where the princess slept for a hundred years. The rocks that rise over Rochemaure are formed into—

Buttress and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower.

The castle that crowns the basaltic height, and is identified with the lava on which it rests, must once have been of great height and circuit, and almost impregnable. Within its feudal halls dwelt successively the races of Soubise and Vantador, no inglorious names in the rolls of chivalry. The grand entrance, courts within courts, and curtain-walls, still indicate the character of a peculiar age; and the desolation and desertion that reign around, attest the social changes that have succeeded. The armoury, chapel, mint, deep wells, large cisterns, dark dungeons, spacious halls, high chambers, and countless lesser rooms, are interesting illustrations of ages past. Now these walls are—

Tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud;
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles passed below!

The highest tower stands on the inaccessible pinnacle of a basaltic pile, and at a short distance from its base is a hollow, four hundred feet in perpendicular depth, by naturalists confidently believed to be the crater of an ancient volcano. A glorious view of the windings of the Rhone, and the rugged hills of Dauphiny, may be obtained from the castle heights.



Engraved by J.H. Le Sueur

Saloon of Louis, Philippe, Fontainebleau.

Rochemaure is but a petty village, seated on the right bank of the river, and at the foot of the great castellated rock, on which the château of its rulers was erected. The cottages are scattered around the ramparts, or hanging over the stream of the river. They are built of the prevailing stone, having their foundations on the hard basalt, into which the steps leading to the doorways are, in many instances, cut with the chisel. The door and window frames are set in large prisms of basalt; and the eaves and drip-stones, and chimneys, are formed of lava blocks, in the regular shapes which creation has assigned them. In short, Rochemaure, whether the name be a soubriquet signifying "the Rock of the Moor," that is, the Black Rock, is not unlike the fragments of a city originally hewn out of the solid rock, and reduced to its present spectral character by the abrading power of time and tempests.

SALON OF LOUIS PHILIPPE,

FONTAINBLEAU.

"The palaces of princes, my spirit enters in,
Sees many a veiled misery, and many a gilded sin—
And many a form, like angels fair,
From whom the spirit shrinks, and cries, Beware! Beware!"

MARY HOWITT.

ONE range of apartments in Fontainebleau Palace, built during the reign of Francis the First, was designed originally for a gallery of art. It was after the antique gusto, and subsequently converted, with much fancy as well as judgment, by Louis XIV., into saloons for the household of the Dauphin. Napoleon appropriated the same suite of rooms to the accommodation of his establishment, and under the empire, "*Conciergie*," in conspicuous letters, was placed over their principal entrance door.

Desirous of restoring every object in these ancient halls to its primitive beauty, every apartment to its original destination, Louis Philippe has bestowed particular attention on the revival of the central part of the palace, causing all the partitions to be removed, and the whole suite of minor chambers to be again thrown open into a grand and beautiful gallery.

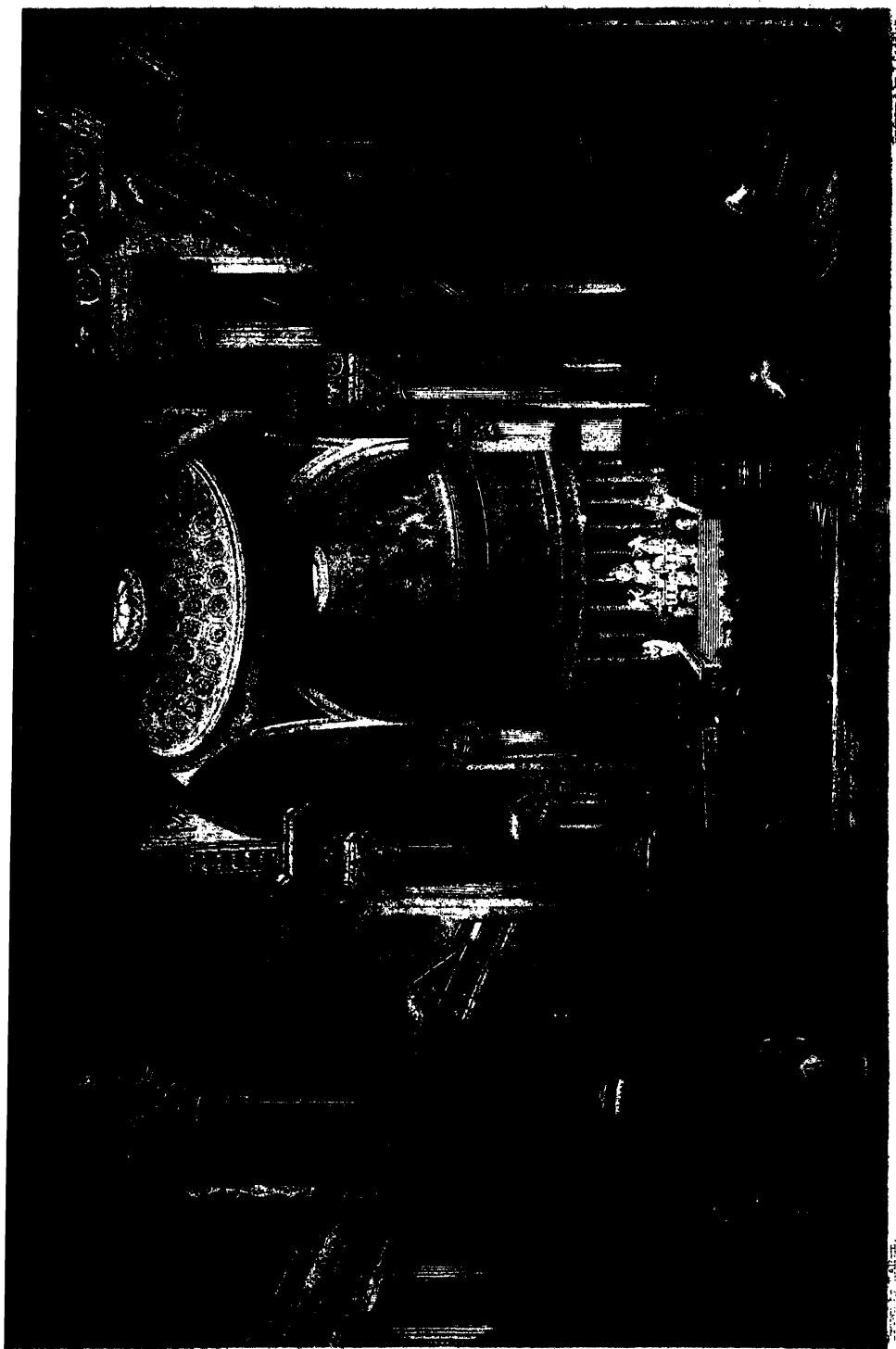
Of equal dimension with the Salon of Henry II., which is immediately over it, the hall of Louis Philippe presents a chaste and elegant architectural spectacle. On each side are ranged, in pairs, eight handsome marble columns; and at each end of the room, four. They are in the Doric order, each resting on a subplinth, and sustaining a soffit, adorned with the most classic and highly-finished designs. These decorations, the pedestals and coupled columns, were necessary for the secure support of the massive beams that compose the ceiling, and sustain the incumbent weight of

the inlaid flooring above it. The light is admitted through five large casements sunk in recesses, on the side next to the Cour Ovale ; the intervals between the pairs of columns, on the opposite side, are filled with splendid mirrors of Venetian glass, multiplying the effect of the candelabras and magnificent lustres, that constitute some of the chief ornaments of the Salon.

Four doors, of equal dimensions, afford admission ; of these the principal is opposite the chimney-piece, and leads directly from the Porte Dorée ; the three others open on the corridors, and correspond, precisely, with so many of the glass doors, or windows, that communicate with the Cour Ovale. The decorations of these doorways resemble those bequeathed to the arts by the fifteenth century : they are covered with gilding, picked out with various-coloured grounds. The chimney-piece is of Egyptian marble, enriched with sculpture. In the panel or space above the chief entrance is a circular niche, in which it is intended, at some future period, to place the bust of Louis Philippe.

Jules Janin's apostrophe to the shades of Fontainebleau's founders will form a most appropriate conclusion to this brief description of Louis Philippe's Salon. " Francis I., and Napoleon Buonaparte—those are, in fact, the two masters of the palace of Fontainebleau, those are the two phantoms who return most frequently to these walls, to these galleries, to these silent chambers ;—and then, how astonished must the king and the emperor be, to find all their work erect ! For so long a time their palace had been in ruins ! the walls sunk upon themselves ; the painted ceilings were hanging in tatters ; the arms of so many kings had been so often erased, restored, and again erased, upon the stone, that it was pierced through ; the eagles had been so rudely hunted, so many fleurs-de-lis had been torn down, so many emblems had been broken, so many loving ciphers had been effaced, that among all the pitiless destruction, it was impossible to find anything perfect ;—at most, there were walls without names, altars without incense, boudoirs without perfume, saloons without ornaments, empty frames, broken thrones, all kinds of royal things shamefully plundered, spoiled, tarnished, annihilated. The shades of the ancient masters of Fontainebleau walked sadly amongst those lamentable ruins, and the more years rolled upon years, the more ruins became heaped upon ruins. But, at the present day—thanks to the same thoughtful foresight which has raised the palace of Versailles !—in Fontainebleau, now repaired and sacred, everything is revived : the tottering foundations are again settled, the staircases, crushed by so many passing grandeurs, are re-established upon their bases, the statues lying upon the ground again ascend their pedestals, the portraits return into their frames, the old plaster of the saloon is driven away like dust, and behind the ignoble coat re-appear in their new brilliancy the chefs-d'œuvre of three centuries. It is done, the restoration of the monument is complete."*

* The American in Paris,—1844.



Engraved by J. G. Smith

Interior of the White House, 1856.

Engraved by J. G. Smith

INTERIOR OF THE MADELEINE,

PARIS.

“Enter; its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality.”

BYRON.

SUPERSTITION, time, veneration arising from various motives, consecrate peculiar spots in every part of the globe—those that have been adorned by civilization, as well as those where nature continues to reign without invasion. Attached to the government of the Madeleine, was the ancient cimetière, where the headless bodies of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were deposited; and there they were interred, as being the nearest parochial burying-ground to the place of execution, or rather Revolution, which it was ever after designated. Mons. Descloseaux, a man of the most refined and delicate sentiments, devoted also to the royalist cause, and possessed of an independent fortune, purchased the precise spot where the royal bodies were first laid, under the pretext of converting it into an orchard, but with the real purpose of securing the grave from popular animosity. His cautious measures diverted the revolutionary indignation so successfully, that the remains of the royal martyrs were preserved from insult; flowers grew over them without envy or molestation, and the cypress mourned over them with all its constancy; and year after year, the leaves and the blossoms were gathered together, by the pious hand of the faithful Descloseaux, and presented as an offering of duty to the Duchess D'Angoulême.

When the allied sovereigns restored the exiled Bourbons of the elder line to the throne of France, Louis XVIII. re-purchased the little area where his royal brother and his illustrious queen lay buried; and, causing their remains to be exhumed, conveyed them with much pomp to the crypt of St. Denis, the legitimate resting-place of their royal race. An expiatory chapel now marks the early grave of the unhappy pair; and the cypress that mourned over their narrow beds, now shelters the chapel that covers them.

Not content with completing these tributes to his brother's memory, Louis decided upon converting the Madeleine itself, a temple designed after the Roman manner, into a lasting memorial of the injuries inflicted on his family, and upon erecting within its walls statues of Louis XVI., his Queen, and Madame Elizabeth.

If we retrace the history of the Madeleine for some few years, its ultimate destination will be more distinctly understood. It was in the fifteenth Louis's time, that the old parish church, in the Ville d'Evêque, being found unequal to the wants of the parish, a new building was commenced, on the Boulevard, immediately opposite

the Rue royale, from the design of Constant d'Ivry. The first stone was laid in April, 1764; and the works were superintended by Constant until the time of his death, 1777, when Coutine was appointed to succeed that eminent artist.

The Madeleine shared in the general abandonment of all peaceful projects, consequent upon the reign of terror and of revolution; and the work, for many years, remained suspended. The quick and rapid power of adaptation, which Napoleon so eminently possessed, soon pointed to a conspicuous public appropriation of the site which the new Madeleine presented; and, with his accustomed decision, he ordered the church of Constant d'Ivry to be removed, and a sumptuous Roman temple to rise in its room, which he resolved upon consecrating to National Glory.

Having procured a design from Vignon, an architect of the most accomplished taste, Napoleon commenced the present beautiful building in 1808; but fate resolved to sport with the fortunes of the imperial, as it had done with those of the regal race; and, on Napoleon's downfall, in 1813, the Madeleine was again destined to receive new monuments to the memory of Louis XVI. and his Queen, of Louis XVII. and Madame Elizabeth, and to be converted into a Christian sanctuary. For some time the works progressed with rapidity, when a momentary suspension occurred, on account of the assassination of the Duke of Berri, the demolition of the opera house, and the idea of appropriating the Madeleine to the purposes of a musical academy, or theatre for dramatic exhibitions of various descriptions. This desecration was happily averted, and the Madeleine is now a magnificent Christian temple, and the architectural pride of Paris. It is not irrelevant to the vicissitudes of the Madeleine, to record another catastrophe connected with its story, equally destructive of life, but less associated with the sinfulness and cruelty of man. It was in the same cemetery, the space surrounding the older church, that the remains of those unfortunate beings were interred, who were killed by the explosion of fire-works, in the Place de Louis Quinze, on the marriage of Louis XVI., then Dauphin of France; and there, twenty-three years after, the remains of those, for whose nuptials the rejoicings were instituted, were ignominiously consigned to the tomb; "O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle."

Formed like the basilicæ of old, the cella of the building is entered through two lofty doorways, one at either extremity, opening into vestibules, of which one is a baptistry, the other used for the celebration of marriages. Their rich bronze valves measure thirty-two feet in height by fifteen in width, and are divided into compartments filled with subjects selected from the Scriptures, all executed in a masterly and popular style.

The Roman manner pervades every part of the interior of this great temple, and the perfection illustrated in its execution affords the student of art, in Paris especially, the fairest and fullest opportunity of comparing the pointed with the Italian styles, in their adaptation to ecclesiastical works. One vast hall, extending from vestibule to vestibule, occupies the interior, the north end, or apsis, of which, where the high altar stands, being circular. A semi-dome admits a subdued light upon the altar and apsis, and three circular domes, ranging the length of the choir, being open in the centre,

constitute the chief means by which the interior is lighted. The conterminous springings, or pendentives, of the domes, rest upon a rich and deeply indented block-cornice, that lies on a sculptured frieze, carried round the entire building, sustained at the respective points of coincidence, by detached Corinthian columns, standing one diameter in advance of the walls. Three recesses are thus obtained in the side-walls, and in each of these is placed a minor altar, adorned with statuary and painting. Decorative architecture enriches the walls, and is furnished in every portion, without satiety. A low balustrade encloses a surbase eight feet in height, and extending round the whole of the choir, from which rises a series of Ionic colonnades, equal in number to the intervals of the Corinthian pillars. The central space in each respective compartment is adorned with a pediment overshadowing an altar, and sustained by columns detached and advancing. Above these Ionic colonnades is a gallery, interrupted only by the supports of the great arched cells, apparently gained from the massive thickness of the walls.

On either side a dais is raised, between the advancing Corinthian columns, serving as an ascent to the minor altars; while the marble pavement of the central space continues the level of the vestibule from the porch, or pronaos, to the foot of the great altar. The circular apsis at the north end is surrounded by a regular Ionic colonnade, having an enriched entablature and frieze; and the pavement, of polished marble, is raised considerably above the level of the central space. From this elevated plateau a flight of steps ascends, on the summit of which is the high altar, decorated with a group consisting of the Virgin and Child, supported on either side by winged cherubim in supplicating postures.

The vaults and arches, and bands and cornices of the domes, and ceiling, and upper wall, are covered with stucco-work, in corresponding manner, and all either gilt, or picked out with brilliant colours. The frieze and capitals of the Corinthian columns are similarly decorated; and so perfect is the harmony of the whole, that the brilliancy of the colours, and sumptuousness of the gilding, do not attract a separate regard, but merge in the ideas at first produced, and not afterwards abandoned, of simplicity and noble grandeur.

But the painted cornice, and the gilded domes, are still outstripped in attraction and effect by the admirable frescoes, that fill the various panels beneath the archivolts, but especially by the design in the domical vault above the high altar, the work of Zeigler. The subject is an allegory, representing the chief incidents in the early history of the Christian religion. Mary Magdalene is represented prostrate at Our Saviour's feet, while the evangelists and apostles are looking on. To the right of the Redeemer are ranged, in chronological order, the most remarkable advocates, and authors, and ministers, of the Eastern church; on the left, those of the Western—the former include, besides the Apostles, the Emperor Constantine, St. Maurice, St. Lawrence, and St. Augustin: next—

You see in order, painted on the wall,
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.

In this passage, representing the Crusades, there is a group, consisting of Popes Urban and Gregory, St. Bernard, and Peter the Hermit, robed in white, and supposed to be exhorting the true believers to set sail for the Holy Land. Not far from these, but lower in the picture, may be observed the devoted dukes, and counts, and barons of that day, ready to proceed to the rescue of the sepulchre from infidel power; while a poor and aged man consecrates his three sons to the cause, and is taking his last leave of them as they are departing. The events of the Holy War are continued across the picture, below the figures of Mary Magdalene and Our Saviour; and in this part are seen—Saint Louis, in the attitude of prayer; Godfrey of Bouillon, bearing the oriflamme, the ancient standard of France; Cœur de Lion; Robert of Normandy; the blind Doge Dandolo, who, at the age of seventy, besieged and reduced Constantinople; and, beside the latter, appears Villeharduin, who wrote a spirited but partial history of the Crusades.

The progress and condition of the Greek church, from the date of its foundation to that of the execution of the painting, is represented by similar allegorical designs, and even recent events in its history are personified,—the most conspicuous characters in modern revolutions being introduced, as representatives of the most remarkable incidents.

The Western church has received an equal share of the artist's attention and graphic powers. Its history is illustrated by the Saints of Cologne; St. Symphoria, the first martyr of Gaul; St. Catherine; and the shade of Asuerus, the wandering Jew; Clovis receiving baptism; Clotilda engaged in prayer. A counterpart, to the group of which St. Louis is the principal figure, represents Charlemagne, attended by a secretary, bearing the capitularies; and the ambassador of Haroun-al-Raschid is presenting to him the keys of the Holy Sepulchre. In a lower range are Pope Alexander III., Frederic Barbarossa, and Otho of Bavaria. Another compartment is filled by a group, little connected either in time or circumstances. It includes Joan of Arc and her principal officers, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Dante, and other distinguished characters in the modern history of Europe. The events of the Gallic church are illustrated by the introduction of Louis XIII., Cardinal Richelieu, and Henri Quatre, and are closed with an interesting representation of Napoleon receiving the imperial diadem from the hands of Pope Pius VII.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a single step; and the genius that hazards the introduction of European kings, generals, and enthusiasts, especially of modern history, into designs intended to illustrate the simple character of our holy religion, perils both his reputation and his judgment. The author of this great conception is said to have escaped that danger, and achieved a glorious victory.

In the arched recesses, formed by the pendentives of the domes, scriptural subjects are introduced; all, however, recording, or expressing, some occurrence in the life of the Magdalene. In one compartment she appears in the desert, in another she is bringing spices to the tomb of the Saviour, in a third she is receiving instruction from her Lord; in one of the opposite, or eastern panels, she is represented washing the feet of

the Messiah; in a second, standing at the foot of the cross; and the last of these beautiful frescoes is styled the Death of the Magdalene. The pendentives of the domes are adorned with alto-relievos of the Apostles, and the compartments of the vaulted ceiling of the vestibule are filled with allegorical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Description universally represents this sumptuous temple as overcharged with ornament, but the spectacle itself contradicts the conclusion. The variously coloured marbles employed in the pavement, and in casing the walls, are disposed with a judgment acquired by lengthened experience in Parisian architecture; and the introduction of gilding and colouring is made with so much jealousy, and attention to effect, that the eye is neither dazzled nor overwhelmed. The columns and colonnades, and niches and balustrades, disposed with elegance and correctness along the whole range of enclosing walls, separate the statuary, and give to each work of art all the advantage of an independent position. The paintings enjoy similar advantages, being completely detached from each other, not by distance only, but by the intervention of vast friezes, cornices, and pendentives, that obviate the injurious consequences of juxta-position.

Many works of art in France, several in Paris, claim veneration from their antiquity, admiration for the graces they exhibit, the genius they record—none of modern erection exceed in classic elegance, or richness of effect, the new church of La Madeleine. “This edifice,” writes a tourist of taste, “constitutes one of the boasts of the capital; and, viewed by moonlight, from the opposite side of the Boulevards, forcibly recalls the glories of the Pantheon, or some of the antique temples of Sicily. The name of the church of La Madeleine still, however, in spite of all its changes of destination, connects itself painfully with the memory of those who were consigned to an ignominious grave, in the precincts of its ancient cemetery, amid the horrors of the reign of terror.”*

V A L L E Y O F T H E I S È R E,

BETWEEN VOIRON AND VOIREPPE.

“ Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The noble vale lay smooth and still
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding river formed its bed.”

ISÈRE, the *Isara* of the Romans, is celebrated for the beauty of the scenery through which it winds, and to which it communicates its fair proportion. Rising in Mount Iseran, and collecting strength in its very infancy, it proceeds with impetuosity past Grenoble, receiving in its passage the waters of the Drac. Its course, though serpentine, is remarkably rapid, and navigation is practicable not higher up than the town of Montmeliart. From its steep descent and great fluctuations in the volume of water,

* Paris in 1842, by Mrs. Gore.

its banks are frequently inundated, and ferries established along its course are not passed during such sudden floods without difficulty, and even danger. The afflux of the Isère and Rhone is crossed by a species of flying bridge, secured by a strong chain passing over a standard on either bank, to which the side of the barge, or bridge, is connected with a running loop. A rope attached to the loop, and passed round an axle on shore, is gradually coiled by the ferryman until the bank is reached.

In the lower valley of the Isère several wire bridges span the waters, and several picturesque villages are seated in their vicinity, or as near to the banks as danger of inundation renders prudent. It was out of a window in the castle of Mazard, that the infant Prince of Dauphiné leaped from his nurse's arms into the Isère, and was drowned : and it was at Romans, not far distant, that his father, overwhelmed with grief, assigned his dominions, for ever, to future heirs-male of the throne of France. Higher up the great vale, the view expands, the windings of the river become more conspicuous, the Alps rise majestically over the almost afforested plain that sleeps at their feet ; and the Grande Chartreuse, which advances its massive and broken forms, is still surmounted by the grand Som. Here, perhaps the charms of the landscape have reached their climax. The mountains here are most bold, the scenery of the valley most pleasing ; the crops are varied, the trees dense, and of luxuriant foliage, and fertility seems to characterize the whole. Many old proverbs are preserved amongst the natives of Dauphiné, recording the early acknowledged productiveness of the district.

On the right bank of the river is the road leading to the Grande Chartreuse ; it is continued for some miles along the base of the mountain, and, as it gradually ascends, the panorama of the Gresivaudan vale is thrown open to the spectator. The left bank is not less memorable for its records of history and antiquity : there stands the Château Bayard, the birthplace of the chevalier "sans peur et sans reprocher," and there also is the Fort Barraux, built by the Duke of Savoy for his enemies. While Lesdiguières was looking on, the duke began and completed the fortress—an inactivity that called forth the reproof of his royal master, Henri Quatre. "Sire," replied the brave soldier, "you have need of a fortress on that side of the river ; and so soon as it shall be properly furnished with cannon and provisions, I promise to take it for ye." He fulfilled his promise.

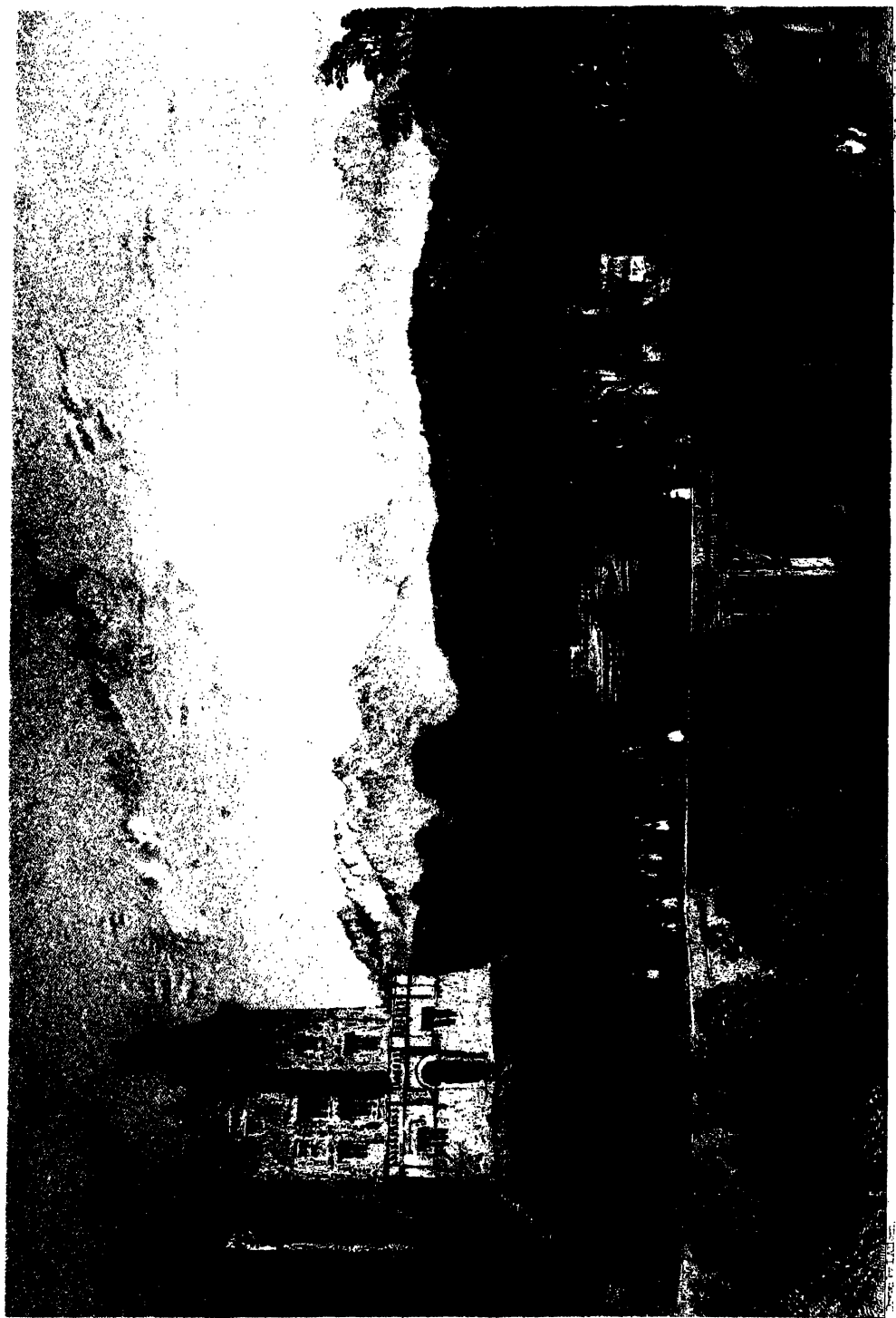
Wherever the luxuriant vines, that clothe the sloping sides of the valley, or the countless mulberry trees that cover the plain, cease to attract and gratify the sight, memory contributes fresh interest to the scene, as each short mile is counted over. It was, perhaps, near Roquemaure, that Hannibal, ascending the valley of the Isère, at length reached the foot of the towering Alps, which his military genius enabled him to pass over ; and, if tradition be admitted in evidence of an historic doubt, the inhabitants of the valley deserve to be heard.

The cause, although it cannot be involved in any particular mystery, is not anywhere assigned, of the dark colour which characterizes the waters of the Isère. This peculiarity is most remarkable at its afflux with the stream of the Rhone, which latter is always white and muddy.

100
100

100
100

100
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Castle of St. Peter, the Cathedral of St. Peter - Madrid.

C A S T L E . O F P A U ,

(THE BIRTHPLACE OF HENRI QUATRE.)

“ The chief renown’d, who ruled in France, I sing,
 By right of conquest, and of birth, a king.
 In various sufferings resolute and brave,
 Faction he quell’d—he conquer’d, and forgave.”

HENRIADE.

THIS favourite retreat of voluntary English exiles was once the capital of Bearn, and of the petty kingdom of Navarre, but, decreasing in importance as the empire extended, is now but the chief town of the Lower Pyrenees. Exclusive of the ancient records interwoven in its history, the eminent political and religious personages, who have found here either a home or a refuge, the natural beauties of its situation are hardly equalled by those of any other remarkable place in the picturesque provinces of the south; and the salubrity of the climate has added many wealthy residents to the native population, whose delicate constitutions could but feebly sustain a more northern latitude.

Pau is now a town of 14,000 inhabitants; it contains many handsome and substantial dwellings, its markets are abundantly supplied with the delicacies as well as the necessaries of life, and, while the blessings of peace are continued to Europe, it must necessarily progress in population and general prosperity.

Seated on the right bank of the river Gave, the view from the Castle Terrace includes the whole of that grand panorama, on which the traveller loves to dwell in memory, when the reality shall be wanting. In the foreground is a viaduct of two arches, connecting the terrace with the *Parc*, part of the ancient royal domains. “It consists of a range of high ground, running from east to west, parallel with the banks of the Gave; thickly covered with forest trees, chiefly beech, and laid out in walks of every variety, some straight, others serpentine; some leading along the highest grounds, and commanding the most extensive view, while others wind along the foot of the eminence, beneath the shadow of the loftier trees; and others, still narrower and more intricate, are nearly lost amongst the thick foliage and close underwood—as if to suit the different tastes and dispositions of the many strangers from distant lands, who meet here to enjoy the luxury of this delicious climate.” Below this pleasant promenade “runs the broad, shallow Gave, with a perpetual low murmur, that lulls the senses to repose. It is, in fact, the only sound that is heard, for there is so little wind in this climate, that not a leaf is seen to move, and the ear therefore distinguishes at a greater distance the toll of the matin and the vesper bell in the neighbouring villages, and the tinkling sounds which tell when the flocks are led to and from the

fields. There appears at first a mystery in this universal stillness. It seems like a pause in the breath of nature, a suspension of the general throb of life, and there is a feeling as if it must soon be followed by that shout of joy which the language of poetry has so often described, as the grateful response of nature for the blessings of light and life." *

The middle distance is occupied by low-lying hills, cultivated and wooded, and clothed with vines, and dotted with villages ; the farthest is dignified by the majestic masses of the Pyrenees, that rise in shattered pinnacles to a height of nearly twelve thousand feet above the ocean-level. The most beautiful and remarkable of all these glorious national objects is the Pic du Midi de Bigorre : standing in advance of the gigantic family, it rises immediately from the plain, and produces the idea of greater loftiness than it attains. The precipice on the northern side is so steep, that snow never rests there, yet, near its base, long tracts of silvery snow lie sleeping, which catch the sun-light, and seem to melt into all possible tints of aerial beauty.

But the castle of King Henri would be forgotten, if complete justice were rendered to the valley of the Gave, and stern history would censure the illustrator who described the position of Larissa while he omitted all notice of Achilles.

It was on the 13th of January, 1553, and in the time-honoured castle of Pau, that Henri the Bourbon first drew his infant breath. The more ancient parts of the building were raised in 1375, at the expense of Gaston, Comte de Foix, who furnished the bricks from his own kilns, as a document, still in existence, distinctly expresses. Besides Gaston's tower there are four others, distinguished by different epithets, such as, "*de la Monnoye*," and "*de Montauzel*;" in the former, it is said, Calvin found a retreat from persecution, by the favour of Margaret of Valois ; and in the latter, state prisoners were condemned to imprisonment for life. This dark donjon sustained some injury from cannon-shot in the year 1569, when the Bearnese revolted ; and the revolutionists of 1793 directed their rage most especially against this monument of despotic power. The grand staircase is a meritorious and interesting work ; it was constructed during the reign of Henri II. of Navarre and his queen Margaret, the grand-parents of Henri of Bourbon, and their ciphers are introduced in the panels of the ceiling. In the second story, and in an apartment adjoining the *Tour de Mazares*, king Henri is said to have been born, and his cradle is shown in an adjoining chamber. In 1793 this royal cradle had been marked for destruction, but the good sense and excellent taste of several gentlemen of the vicinity saved it from the rude hand of revolution. Being formed from a large tortoise-shell, it was too conspicuous an object to escape discovery and consequent demolition ; its protectors, therefore, calling to mind the stratagem by which the sacred Ancile was preserved, found another tortoise-shell, of nearly equal dimensions, which they surrendered to the republicans with apparent reluctance.

In the second *renaissance*, the reign of Louis Philippe, the castle of Pau has been rescued from ruin, and restored to its ancient dignity. Not only has the architecture been renewed, but furniture of a corresponding date has been collected, at a vast

* Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees, by Mrs. Ellis.

expense, and placed in suitable apartments. The original bed of Henri Quatre has been found, and restored to its chamber ; it is curiously carved, and adorned with medallion-heads of the kings of France. In another room is the state-bed of Jeanne D'Albrèt, together with a grand chair bearing her arms. These relics were recovered in England, and Marshal Soult, becoming their purchaser, presented them to Louis Philippe. Another king, Bernadotte of Sweden, who was also a native of Pau, has contributed liberally to the riches of this interesting old château ; his presents include porphyry vases, and chimney-pieces of beautiful serpentine, found in his acquired kingdom.

It is a fact more interesting than instructive, that, of the two monarchs whom Pau counts amongst her children, the one abandoned the Protestant, the other the Roman Catholic creed, to secure a crown.

With respect to Margaret of Valois, such were the graces of her life, "that they hallow the remembrance of scenes with which she was so intimately associated. It is not the least touching feature, amongst the many beauties with which her character is adorned, that she possessed so strong a hold upon the heart of her brother, the king of France, who, in the playfulness of his affection, used to call her his "Marguerite of Marguerites."

And well did she repay this tenderness, by her heroic flight to the court of Madrid, when he was a prisoner there after the battle of Pavia; by her patient watch at the side of his sick-bed, when she read the Scriptures to him until his heart was almost convinced ; and by her earnest intercession for him with the cold-hearted monarch, whose captive he then was, and with whom she pleaded so fearlessly, that she was obliged to fly for her life from his kingdom, accomplishing the journey from Madrid to the frontiers with a speed almost incredible for a delicate female."

Nor were the accomplishments of her mind and manners much inferior to the high qualities of her heart. Adorned with the title of "the fourth Grace and the tenth Muse," she presided over her little court at Angoulême, where our unfortunate Anne Boleyn bloomed amongst her maids of honour ; and, while residing in the Château of Pau, her love of literature, and patronage of the fine arts, drew around her the society of men of letters, as well as of distinguished artists, both from her own and other lands. A deep bond of sympathy, however, appears to have existed between Marguerite of Valois and some of the most eminent of the early Reformers, amongst whom may be added, to the name of Calvin, those of Erasmus, Roussel, Lefevre d'Etaples, Marot, Caroli, and Dolet."*

* Vide Letters, &c.

VALLEY AND CASTLE OF D'Oo,

PYRENEES.

— The silence of that ancient place
 Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
 Ere yet his horn he blew.
 But, instant at its lurum rung,
 The castle-gate was open flung.

SCOTT.

HERE the French Pyrenees present scenes unsurpassed by any into which the mountain groups of Europe combine elsewhere. A succession of deep glens is seen in making a tour to Lake Seculejo, enriched by every variety in beauty and sublimity, with which nature characterizes such solemn landscapes. The valleys of Lasto, L'Arboust, and D'Oo, are amongst the most picturesque and accessible in this vicinity ; and, although a similarity of character prevails in all, from the geological structure of the district—the mountains being slate rock, the slopes and vales the same original material, but so disintegrated as to form a fertile soil,—yet the glories of the Val D'Oo must be acknowledged as superior to those of its neighbours and rivals.

Entering the valley from the Val de Lasto, the grand panorama bursts at once upon the sight, creating an impression that can scarcely ever after be effaced from the memory. Immediately below the point of entrance lies the village of D'Oo, and on an elevated mound adjacent stands the venerable donjon of its baronial castle. There it may be supposed once dwelt, the “lord of all he surveyed” from its battlements, which successfully resisted his enemies, and securely immured his captives and his spoils. Each valley had its castle, and its baron, and its legends ; and there is a tale oft told of this at D'Oo, differing in but few respects from that of the princess that slept for a century of years, and was only awoke at length by her destined lord.

There are proofs of very early cultivation, both in the lowlands, that are traversed by the winding river, and on the banks that steeply slope from the rude rock to the river. And the verdure that industry has established maintains an everlasting, and a beautiful rivalry, with the snow-white summits of the pinnacles that tower above it. By passing the castle, and crossing the stream, a narrow road is reached, that leads along many a dangerous steep, and terminates at the celebrated Lac D'Oo, or Seculejo. The early part of this path is less laborious, and less perilous also, but the more advanced and elevated reaches are little else than shelves hewn in the mountain-side, sufficiently solid yet abundantly insecure. For awhile the shelter of a pine-wood intervenes to refresh the traveller, who, however, is destined to encounter labours still more trying, and risks yet more hazardous. Emerging from the forest, the rocky road again traverses the slate rock, from which in summer an overpowering heat is reflected, until at length the cliff

Engraved by A. R. Church



Engraved by A. R. Church



Drawn by T. H. H. H.

Engraved by G. H. H. H.

Grandes Galeries, Library of the Louvre, Paris.

that closes the vale of D'Oo, and unites the opposing mountains, is attained. The road now lies on the summit of this great screen, and, having accomplished this great feat, the traveller is in an instant after rewarded by the sublime picture of the gloomy lake of D'Oo.

Like the crater of an extinct volcano, where one primitive element has succeeded to another, the hollow basin is encircled by precipices, that start up from the watery surface with unusual perpendicularity. Their brows are torn, and defaced, and weather-worn, and dark, and their sad likenesses seem fixedly recorded in the smooth black mirror at their feet. In front, a thread of foam trickles down the precipice, but its sparkling whiteness, and the regular sound of its fall, only mark more strongly the stern character of the scene, and the eternal reign of silence over it.

Beyond Lake D'Oo, there is a repetition of similar scenery, less sublime in character as a higher elevation is obtained; around some of the higher lakes vegetation is not uncommon, for the strata of the slate rock being vertical, disintegration is necessarily more rapid, and new soil is produced, by the operations of nature, in every succeeding season.

GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE LOUVRE,

PARIS.

" 'Tis love of grace which maketh man
Build palaces august and fair,
Vast halls of just proportion plan,
And bring all lines of beauty there."

THE greatest of all the architectural wonders of Paris is still the most unfinished; the favourite haunt of the most polished citizens and accomplished visitors is little more than a modern ruin; the palace chosen by Napoleon for the celebration of his nuptials with a royal princess, represents, by its interrupted works, the incompleteness of his own illustrious course. It is remarkable, that in all the vicissitudes which Paris has shared since the first flames of revolution were kindled, no insult has been offered, no injury inflicted, on the slow-growing greatness of the Louvre. An "American in Paris" gives the following solution of this happy accident—"After the ruins which they have made, what the French people respect most is the monuments which they have not yet finished; the things which have not yet lived. You will never see them on days of tumult attacking edifices which are just begun. No, but to make amends for this, the older the edifice the more furiously will it be attacked. I imagine that it is because it has never been finished, that the Louvre has never been mutilated, in all the insurrections that have invaded it, at so many different times. The man laden with years is crushed—the child who has yet to grow is spared. A great and fatal ruin this

Louvre, which ought to be the glory of this vast city: the Louvre, at which have laboured so many great kings, and so many excellent artists—the Louvre, which is the centre of Paris and of the world, the spot of shelter and of authority for the fine arts, the national wonder,—is, at this moment, more dilapidated than the last hotel of the under-prefect in a city of fifteen hundred souls.

“In this palace, which you would take at a distance for the palace of the princess that slept a hundred years—

‘ And whose grey walls no banner crown’d,
Upon the watch-tower’s airy round
No warder stood his horn to sound,’—

indigence and luxury wage frightful battles night and day. The most beautiful columns, the heads of which are crowned with the ancient acanthus and ivy, have their bases covered with ignoble plaster; the most magnificent stones are set in worm-eaten wood. All around this royal ruin, even opposite the Museum, theft and every kind of vice shelter themselves beneath its imposing shadow. An incredible, dreadful mixture of the most opposite elements, the base and the sublime. Perrault the architect, and the wine-seller at the corner; Catherine de Medicis, and Margot; the king, and the rag-picker; Jean Gonjon, and Jean Jean—shamefully placed together against these walls. And when we remember that even the Emperor Napoleon, who had so many armies at his service, and so many millions in the cellars of the Tuileries, was not able to cleanse these Augean stables, we begin to think that it must be impossible.

“But why is it impossible? The site is your’s—the idea is drawn out—the monument is two-thirds finished—you have all the French artists at command—he who shall complete this immense chef-d’œuvre, will acquire a glory not less great than that of him who commenced it. For what are you waiting, then? But, say they, when finished, how will you fill so vast a space? As if they had not the books of the royal library to lodge, the exhibitions of industry, the modern productions of the fine arts, all kinds of knowledge, all descriptions of master-pieces, to shelter! But we travellers must not be so exacting. We will not ask so much for the present hour; we will leave to future centuries the care of completing these royal dwellings. We are not ambitious; we would give all the share of joy and pleasure that would accrue to us from the finishing of the Louvre, for four squares of turf and a fountain, in this court, where the most wretched herbs heave up the most hideous pavement.”

The door of entrance, open to the public on all save Sundays, is a low, narrow, mean object, violently contrasted with the height and magnitude of the structure itself. On Sundays, and on remarkable anniversaries, the grand entrance in the southern wing of the western front is opened, and strangers and students then admitted indiscriminately. Those who feel a higher gratification in the study of architecture, than of painting or sculpture, although their separated consideration is not unattended with a degree of inconsistency, will not hesitate to prefer this scene of the building itself to the works of art which are treasured within it. The style and character of the Vatican are recognized in the great gallery of the Louvre; but the noble scala in that



The 'Cave of the Dead' - Virginia



wondrous palace and museum of art is wholly inferior to the chaste, classical, and magnificent flight called the Grand Staircase of the Louvre.

Fontaine alone enjoys the honour of this beautiful design, a work unequalled by any similar construction in France. The stairs ascend with gentle heights between two marble walls, terminated at each summit by light lofty arches, springing from coupled pillars, advancing in front of corresponding pilasters. The repetition of the same idea so rapidly and frequently, produces the effect of sumptuousness and familiarity, well suited to domestic architecture of the highest character ; and the feelings that accompany a promenade amidst these arches, and columns, are at the same time elevated and cheerful. The Doric order prevails, moulded to modern manners ; and the arches, and ceilings, and panels, are painted, or filled, with beautiful and appropriate subjects in basso-relievo. Twenty exquisite pillars constitute the chief ornament of the staircase and plateau ; of these the shafts are of Flemish marble, and the capitals of the same material, but of the most snowy whiteness.

Beneath a well-proportioned arch, surmounted by a balustrade of marble, and in front of the first landing-place, two flights of equal breadth ascend, one in the direction of the apartments that surround the court-yard, the other to the long gallery of paintings. The ceilings of each division, or flight, are decorated with designs indicative of the appropriation of the building—Minerva protecting the Arts is represented in the design of Meynier ; and the *Renaissance*, or Revival of the Arts, by Pujol, fills the compartments of the eastern division. On the common pedestals of the coupled pillars, and corresponding pilasters, are placed noble porphyry vases, that contribute materially to furnish the area, without interfering to any extent with its grand simplicity.

THE CIRCLE OF GAVARNIE,

PYRENEES.

“ Horrors like these at first alarm,
But soon with savage grandeur charm,
And raise to noblest thoughts the mind.”

THE village of Gavarnie is less celebrated for its extent, or its riches, or its church, in which twelve heads of murdered Templars are preserved, than for its proximity to the sublime “Circle,” with its sixteen cataracts. “In clear weather a great part of the amphitheatre of Gavarnie is distinctly seen from Gèdre ; but we went on, and on, the mists thickening round us as we attained a greater elevation, and nothing was to be seen in the distance but shadowy forms of mountains, and sheets of snow, gleaming white through the floating clouds.

"On arriving at the Cirque, our guide exhibited every sign of surprise and disappointment, to find that we were still enveloped in a cloud of mist, through which we could but dimly discern the great waterfall, and saw nothing of the high towers, two extraordinary rocks rising from a wall of marble, which crown the summit of the central part of the amphitheatre.

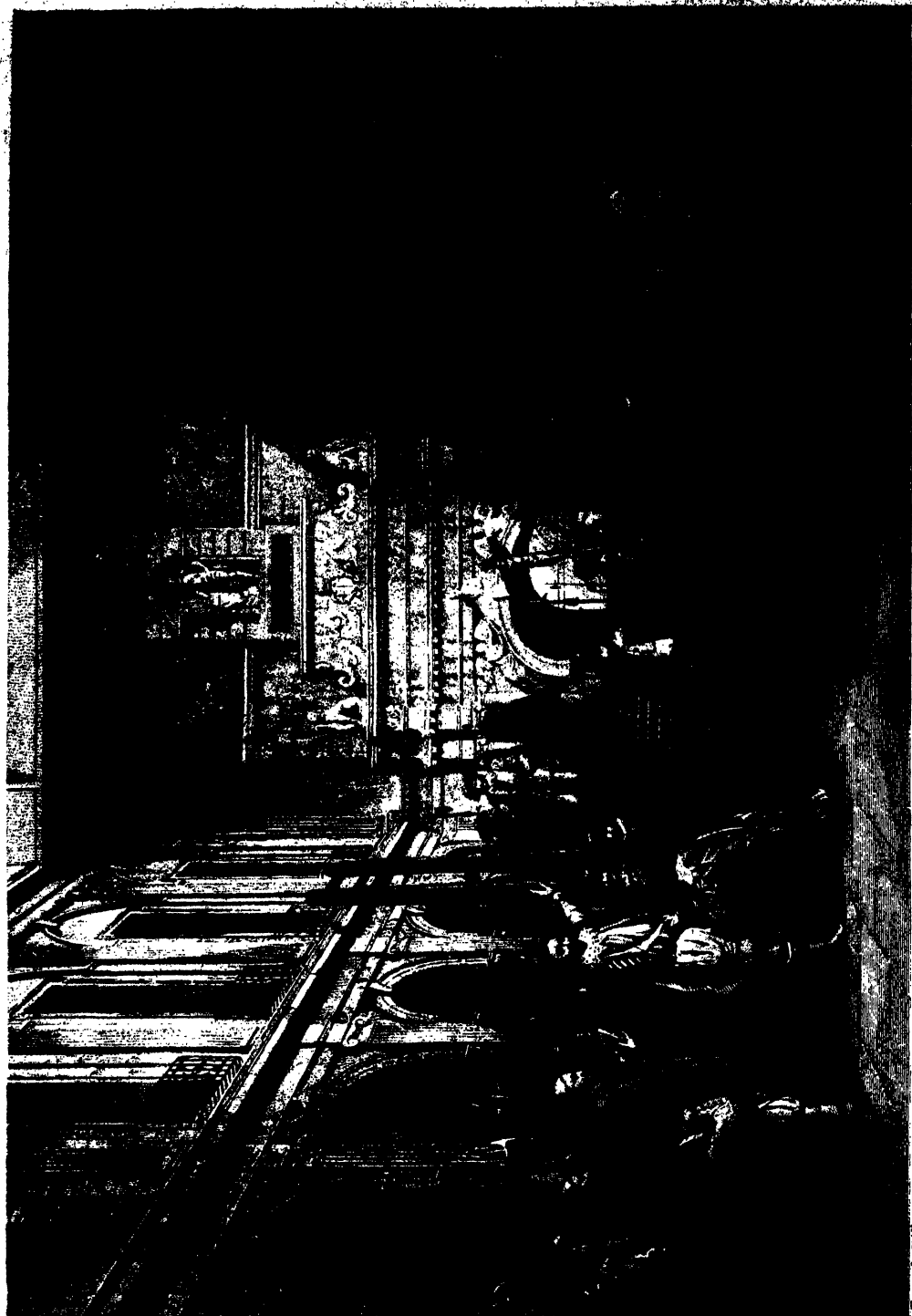
"We were in a bleak uncomfortable state, with nothing but beds of snow and white mist before us, and a north wind and drifting rain behind, looking into vacuity, and gradually resigning all hope of beholding the wonderful spectacle we had come so far to see. To our inexpressible delight the mists began to float away, the rain ceased, and then we saw, as in a passing dream, glimpses of the mighty rocks, the stupendous waterfall, with fields of snow, one above another, far up into the clouds, producing a more forcible impression of sublimity and awe than could have been experienced under clearer and more sunny skies."

The Cirque of Gavarnie is so named from its being a sort of basin, enclosed on all sides but one by mural cliffs, capped with eternal snow. Some idea may be formed of its perpendicular height by the great cascade that falls over a surface of rock of fourteen hundred feet in depth, forming one of the loftiest waterfalls in Europe.* On the first melting of the snows, it is as magnificent in the volume of water which descends as in its stupendous height. At the very summit, where it rolls over the lofty precipice, two gigantic masses of rock stand forth, as if to guard the fall, which is not interrupted until the last quarter of the distance, where a mass, darker and bolder, separates the column of water, without the majestic line of the whole cascade being broken.

To form a correct idea of the beauty of the whole scene, it is necessary to imagine the rocks of the finest marble, streaked and variegated with every tint, from the deepest brown and purple to the brightest yellow, and sometimes even to rose-colour. A perpendicular barrier of this structure rises beyond the great waterfall, and down its sides are precipitated twelve minor cataracts, while over its summit lies a vast field of snow; again, another marble mural cliff, diversified with cascades, more faint and blue in the distance; and, above all, the more majestic rampart, on which stand the two mighty rocks, called the Towers of Marboré, crowned with eternal snows, and all formed of the most beautiful marble, fluted like the columns of a Grecian temple. The loftiest of these marble walls rises at a height of a thousand feet above the amphitheatre, which is formed by the receding of the different beds of snow. On the right of the picture, the snows and the pinnacles of rock seem to mingle into a mere chaotic mass; while rising immediately from the bed of the deep basin are ascending bold buttresses of the adjoining mountain, standing like out-works to protect the whole; and over their steep sides many beautiful cascades are ever pouring, some of them like silver threads, making in all sixteen within the circle.

"It is above this part of the Cirque that the Breche de Rolande appears, a giant cleft in a solid wall of rock, six hundred feet in height, which here separates France

* The Fall of Adrigol, in the south of Ireland, is formed by the overflowings of several lakes, and its waters are precipitated over a ledge of rock, nearly two thousand feet above the basin that receives them.



1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's annual message to Congress. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it is one of the most important documents in the history of the United States. It is a very long letter, and it covers a wide range of topics, including the state of the Union, the economy, and the military. The President's message is a very important document, as it is the only document of its kind in the history of the United States. It is a very long letter, and it covers a wide range of topics, including the state of the Union, the economy, and the military. The President's message is a very important document, as it is the only document of its kind in the history of the United States.

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from Spain. Legends say that it was opened by the hero whose name it bears, when he made for himself a passage for his conquests over the Moors. The fissure extends about three hundred feet in height and breadth, and the rock through which it penetrates is some fifty feet in thickness. Through this singular opening Spain is seen, a landscape rude and uninviting, and forming a contrast with the retrospect from the same spot, which is peculiarly favourable to the scenery of France.”*

The diameter of the Cirque completely baffles the best conjecture, some twenty minutes being supposed sufficient for passing it, while a whole hour will be consumed in the attempt by the most expert pedestrians. The surface at one season is strewn with the ruins of the encircling hills, at another covered with consolidated snow, beneath which the waters are heard passing in channels worn for themselves amongst the debris. When love of the picturesque is found combined with love of science, the Circle of Gavarnie presents additional interest, in the variety of its geological specimens. The mountain-chain being a limestone formation, British geologists are familiar with the fossils that occur there.

THE CAPITOL OF TOULOUSE.

“ By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner’s parting seen,
But never aught like this.”

SCOTT.

THE Hôtel de Ville of Toulouse is supposed to occupy the precise site of the ancient capitol of the Tolosates, and is now the forum of the city. The principal front, finished in 1769, possesses only the characters of its age, and had the singular chance of having escaped the violence of the revolutionists, to whom all ancient institutions were so detestable. Its façade extends about four hundred feet, and includes, besides the municipal offices and assembly-room, the principal city-theatre. It is of red brick, ornamented with eight pilasters of the Corinthian order, the shafts being of Languedoc marble, the beams and capitals of the white marble of Carara.

Many apartments of ceremony were originally constructed within, and, being finished tastefully, and sumptuously furnished, are shown to strangers, with that satisfaction which is pardonable, and not unattended with national advantages. Of these none are remembered with so much pride, or yet retain equal claims to notice, with the *Galerie des Hommes Illustres*. Here, each in his appropriated niche, the worthies of Toulouse were represented by *terra cotta* busts; but, these posts of honour were not limited to citizens solely, those whose infancy drank the air of distant places, were liberally rewarded by a participation in the honour, provided their great public services appeared to qualify them. And here were once to be seen, in silent statuary, Theodoric

* *Vide* “ Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees,” by Mrs. Ellis.

the First and Second ; Bertrand and Raymond, counts of Toulouse, the latter renowned in the history of the Crusades ; the celebrated Cujas ; Campistron, the poet ; and Firmat, the mathematician. It does not appear how Pope Benedict XII. acquired a place amongst the worthies of Toulouse, but no apology will be required from the Toulousians for having set up a bust of Riquet, the engineer of the canal of Languedoc.

The yearly meetings of the *Société des Jeux Floreaux* are held in this spacious apartment, and here prizes are distributed for compositions commemorative of the Floral Games. A figure of Clemence Isaure, a Toulousian lady, and foundress of these mysterious festivities, recalls to memory their ancient origin. The inscription beneath it, on a tablet of brass, represents her as having been the daughter of Lucius Isaurus, a native of Toulouse ; then sets forth her liberality in having built the town-hall, at her sole expense ; next praises her for having established markets for corn, wine, fish, and vegetables ; and finally eulogizes her memory as foundress of the Floral Games, for the annual celebration of which she bequeathed her property in perpetuity to the city. The Lady Clemence's history none can tell ; her fable is unfolded in an old ballad, called *Le Roman de Clemence Isaure*.

A melancholy memorial of human passions and vaunting ambition is preserved in the same saloon with the statue of Lady Clemence ; it is the huge knife, or axe, employed to decapitate Montmorency, the victim of the implacable Richelieu. The illustrious sufferer, Duke Henry II., was born in 1595, and at the early age of eighteen was created admiral of France. He defeated the Calvinists in Languedoc ; and, having taken from them their strongest places, gained a complete victory over them at sea, near the island of Ré, which immediately afterwards submitted to his arms. It was in the year 1622, that he gained such decided advantages over the Duke de Rohan, the gallant leader of the Huguenots. During the operations against Mantua, in 1630, he was appointed to the chief command in Piedmont, and defeated the Spaniards under Doria, although they were considerably superior to him in numbers. This brilliant victory was followed by the relief of Casale, and his great services were soon after rewarded with the marshal's baton. Montmorency now thought himself powerful enough to brave the influence of Richelieu, and, with Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who was equally dissatisfied with the Cardinal, raised the standard of rebellion in Languedoc. Schomberg and La Force marched against them, and an engagement took place at Castelnaudary. Gaston, influenced by either fear or falsehood, remained inactive ; but Montmorency, gallantly throwing himself into the royal ranks, was wounded and made prisoner. All France, mindful of his services, his virtues, and his victories, desired that the rigour of the law might be mitigated in his favour ; but Richelieu had resolved on making an example of the bravest, most generous, and most amiable man in the realm, and the marshal was accordingly condemned to death by the parliament of Toulouse. The royal mercy was extended so far as to permit the execution to be private, and the cruel ceremony was performed in the hall of the Hôtel de Ville, in this ancient city, on the 30th of October, 1632.



VOIREPPE ON THE ISÈRE.

“ Our pathway led us on to Isère's banks,
 And when we came in front of that tall rock
 Which overhangs the wood, I there stopp'd short,
 And traced the lofty barrier with my eye
 From base to summit.”

From whatever point the Grand Chartreuse is approached, the beauty and the contrasts that are represented find few rivals in French landscape. The valley of the Isère is a scene of industry, fertility, and interest, that absorbs the traveller's deepest attention, and excites reflections upon the powers entrusted to human agency, for, natural sterility seems there entirely subdued, and labour to have attained a perfect triumph. Where soil could be formed by any agricultural process, crops have been raised ; where such a result could not be attained, frames, and stands, and props, and trellis-work are introduced, to support the vines which the damp destructive earth refused to maintain. From this great panorama of culture and of civilization, the traveller passes into the close deep dells that give a rugged bed for the foaming waters of the Isère. Here the variety, so completely different from scenes just left, is an inexhaustible source of gratification. In the foreground of the frame, within which the eye is confined by the taste and judgment of the artist, the Isère holds its tumultuous course, the banks on either side being grass-grown to the margin of the flood. And in this sheltered site, above and where a single arch is thrown across the river, stands the little village of Voireppe, a collection of hospitia, or hotels, rather than a chosen asylum of the native population. The houses are ranged along the left bank of the torrent, and profess to differ in the same degree as the classes of travellers that come this way. Waggoners and carriers have long shown an especial partiality for this pictureque spot; and the scene is never viewed without the accompaniment of a muleteer and his train, or a loaded waggon from which the team has been for a while detached.

Chestnut woods clothe the base of the rising ground behind the village, and the dark green groups are most pleasant to the eye ; and above these are seen rocks, bleak, naked, and unadorned, forming a contrast the most strong, forcible, and effective. The woods present regular masses of an uniform colour ; the rocks assume the most fantastic shapes, at one time slanting obliquely from the view, at others broken and shattered in every line. Few passages in all this continuous panorama of the Grand Chartreuse, change so much with change of light as this picture of Voireppe and its woods and mountains. In broad sunshine the face of the torrent sparkles and refracts, and the smooth mural rocks reflect the rays, and the woods look smooth and silvery. In less bright lights, the scene is wholly different ; and a fall of rain, or a cloud of mist, lends a gloomy grandeur to the whole ;—then a veil of obscurity is

interposed, the bridge is removed farther off, the mountains pushed away into the distance, and the sections, into which they are separated by floating phantoms, produce an idea of much greater height. A lover of the picturesque, in visiting the locality of Voiron, Voireppe, and the Grand Chartreuse, should pause at some little hotel in this romantic village, and indulge in the succession of sublime prospects, the enjoyment of those transient beauties, which are the frequent results of atmospheric phenomena. This idea has not escaped the observation of poets in every age—

“ The full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores,
Till in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out effulgent from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam ;
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountains,” &c.

D O U B L E - B R I D G E O F S C I A,

GAVE OF GAVARNIE.

“ — The double bridge, that leads across
The narrow torrent, foaming through the chasm
Below : the rugged stones are wash'd and worn
Into a thousand shapes, and hollows scoop'd
By long attrition of the ceaseless surge,
Smooth, deep, and polished as the marble urn,
In their hard forms.” COOMBE ELAN.

THE road from St. Sauveur to the Cirque of Gavarnie, follows the windings of the Gave, and presents a succession of pictures varying from the gentle tones of an Arcadian landscape, to the sublimest terrors of an Alpine chaos. When the low plains, teeming with the bounties of nature, are left, and the great defile once entered, feelings of a solemn and rather solitary kind suddenly prevail. The world appears to have been left behind, and a journey new and perilous entered on. But all such reflections are soon dismissed by the multiplied attractions of the scenery. The hours exhausted in making the descent of the Gave, pass unheeded, from the variety which the scenery affords. The road, a shelf cut in the solid rock, lies at an elevation of some five hundred feet above the torrent ; and the steep sides of the defile through which it hurries, are so densely clothed with trees of various kinds, that the bed of the river is totally concealed from view. But while one sense fails in making known the position of the river, and the depth of its channel, another comes to its assistance, and the sounds of many rivulets that burst on the ear, resemble the rolling of thunder. Cataracts continue leaping from ledge to ledge, then, in accumulation, the flood falls

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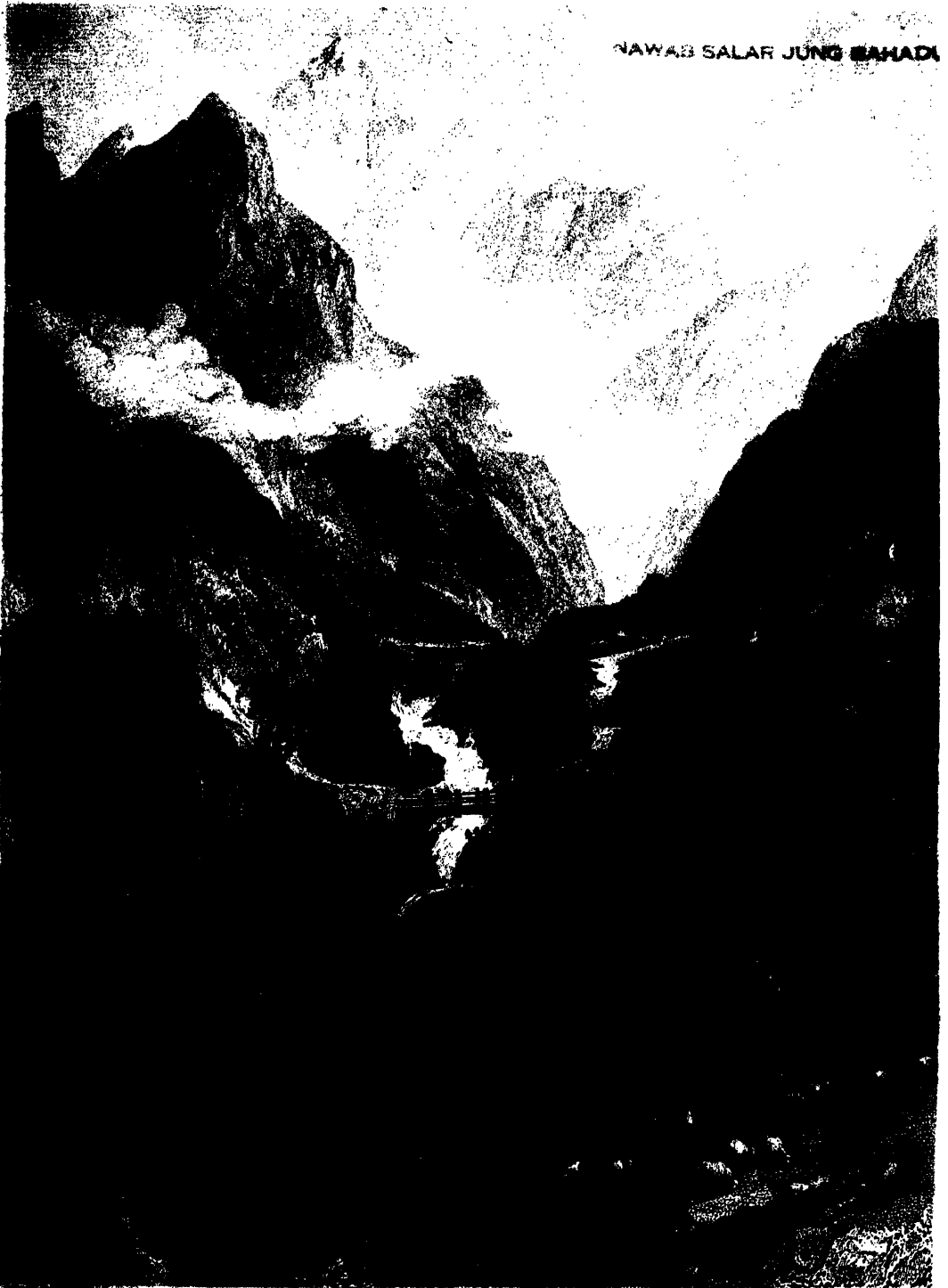
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NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR



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down great smooth plains of rock, and tumbles at last into excavated basins, from which loud and hollow murmurs emanate. The liberality of tourists has found its reward in the improvement that has been made in this mountain-roadway, for, some few years back the ascents were cut into small steps, the passing of which on horseback was not unattended with peril;—but these ladders have all been obliterated, and the security of travelling improved in proportion.

There is a peculiarity in the scenery of the Gave, which adds considerably to its picturesqueness; it is the erection of a number of mills, or rather, the conversion of every cottage into a corn-mill; no habitation is built unless where a stream exists, or to which it may be conducted; and wherever a great facility is afforded of conveying water from the fall, every house has its private mill. A favourable opportunity for this occurs near the bridge of Scia, and there the row of mill-cottages that stand on the left bank of the stream is compared to “a row of beads on a white string.”

In all this ascent, the pass expands but twice, at Gedre and at Pragnes; in other places it is so contracted that the horizon is bounded by the lofty summits of the mountains that tower above, and threaten to close up the narrow gulf between them. The first place of crossing the torrent is by the bridge of Scia, built, like all the others in these mountains, of marble. “The descent is by a frightfully steep and zigzag path, which brings you at once upon this comparatively frail structure, thrown at an amazing height above the torrent, just where its waters are the most tumultuous, where enormous blocks of granite interrupt its course, and where masses of shattered pine, and sometimes whole trees, are seen driven onward and dashed against the rocks by the fury of the pent-up stream, whose roar is like the bellowing of thunder.”

“It is a pity,” writes Mrs. Ellis, “to have one’s feelings of the sublime interrupted by the ridiculous; yet I cannot think of the bridge of Scia, without recalling a most romantic story in a French Guide-Book, where a tale is told of some fancied Lady Clara, who, seated by the side of this bridge, repeated the celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet, ‘To die—to sleep,’ and then cast herself into the gulf. The ridiculousness of the story is, that the French writer, after describing the scene in the most affecting manner, gives the commencement of the soliloquy in the following words, ‘*Todie toslip.**’”

Near to Aberystwith, in Cardiganshire, there is a double structure called “The Devil’s Bridge,” which much resembles that of Scia. It consists of a single arch, nine and twenty feet span, thrown over the original one, which still remains. Some time in the eleventh century, the monks of Strata Florida built the first bridge, which the architect of the second, in the year 1753, used, to rest his centering upon. “The awful height of the fissure which the bridge bestrides, one hundred and twenty feet above the observer, is rendered doubly gloomy by its narrowness, and the wood which overhangs it; the roaring noise of the torrent at its feet, struggling through black opposing rocks, which its ceaseless impetuosity has worn into shapes strange and grotesque, fill the mind with mingled but sublime emotions of astonishment, terror, and delight.” This description of the Devil’s Bridge, the name being altered, may be read of the Bridge of Scia.

* Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.

SAUMUR, ON THE LOIRE.

“ Mornay, of steady and relentless mind,
 Led on the monarch, still but half resign'd ;
 Firm force and godlike virtue point the way,
 Whilst Glory's hands the laurel-wreath display.”

The Henriade.

CLIMATE, natural productions, picturesque character of surface, as well as favourable geological structure, combine in conferring upon the locality of Saumur a cheerful and smiling aspect. Here the noble walnut-tree spreads its light-green foliage to the sun, hedges are formed of the delicate acacia, vines grow with a luxuriance nowhere exceeded, and rich crops of corn reward the labour of the husbandmen. A white and clean-looking sandstone prevails on the banks of the Loire, and from the facility with which it can be sawn and shaped, it is employed in building the costly château and the humble cottage. Nothing can be happier than the striking yet gentle contrast of the walnut trees' light-green hue, with the pure bright colour of the dwelling that peeps from amidst its exuberant foliage.

Saumur is seated on the left bank of the river, and, viewed from the opposite side, or the causeway of the bridge, is eminently picturesque and pleasing in aspect. On the left is seen the church of Nôtre-Dame, with its Italian dome, around which is an inscription, recording the expulsion of heresy from this part of France by the vigour and virtue of Louis XIV. The present circumstances of Nôtre-Dame, however, are more deserving of record than the exploits of an intolerant monarch. It now contains an Hospice de la Providence ; some of the patients, the insane especially, are lodged in cells hollowed in the rock behind the church, and all are tended by the Sœurs de Charité. On the summit of this impending hill stand many windmills, conspicuous at the distance of several miles, and indicating the position of Saumur to the far-off traveller. Above the central part of the town stands the château, celebrated in military history. The spire of St. Pierre points heavenward close to the castle-walls ; and, on the right of the picture is the Hotel de Ville, a singular, grotesque, yet not unpicturesque design. Originally forming part of the fortifications, it retains some of its military character. The walls, which are of red and white stone, are thick, well-built, and with few openings, while bartizans project from every corner. The height of the peaked roof is rather more than that of the battlemented walls, and there is a trefoiled machicolation carried around the cornice it rises from. The front, not shown in the river-view, is in the Gothic manner, and most probably dates later than the castellated portion of the building, which is of the fifteenth century.

The château of Saumur (sous-le-mur) is as conspicuous historically as by position. Henri Quatre, the protector of Protestantism in his age, appointed his trusty servant,



ESCHERICHY, L. H. 1890.



Duplessis Mornay, governor of this strong fortress; and while that gallant leader dwelt in Saumur, arts and manufactures flourished, and population increased. But, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the population, chiefly Calvinists, was reduced from twenty-five to eleven thousand, and the manufactures may be said to have been annihilated.

In the republican war of 1793, the heights above Saumur were occupied by the revolutionists in great strength, who planted also one hundred pieces of artillery on the verge of the precipice. Against this entrenchment, and this formidable enemy, it was, that Henri de la Rochejacquelin marched with a resolute band of Vendéans. Having forced the defences of the town, he next directed his efforts to the capture of a redout, the possession of which was invaluable to his ulterior measures; and, in order to inspire his men with courage equal to the occasion, he took his hat, with its snow-white plumes, and throwing it into the midst of his enemies, exclaimed, "Qui va me le chercher." Suiting the action to the word, he instantly dashed into the thick array, and, being followed closely by his brave band, soon made himself master of the town and artillery. The republican army being driven across the river, the garrison of the castle soon surrendered; and Henri, having caused his prisoners to be shaved on one side of the head only, with that ignominy dismissed them. No curiosity, or ancient relic, remains within the castle, the donjon of which is used as a powder-magazine.

In the ninth century, Saumur was a place of some importance; Philip Augustus added it to the crown of France; Duguesclin made it his head-quarters, when he took the resolution of expelling the English from his country; and Charles VII. held his court here in 1421 and 1425. The expulsion of the Calvinists laid the foundation of that commercial obscurity which has at last increased to the darkness of night, for Saumur is no longer a town of rank.

CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, AT LUZ.

" Amid the majesty of Bergon's vale
The forms of nature charmed the enthusiast's eye,
Where beauty and sublimity prevail
To elevate the soul to ecstasy."

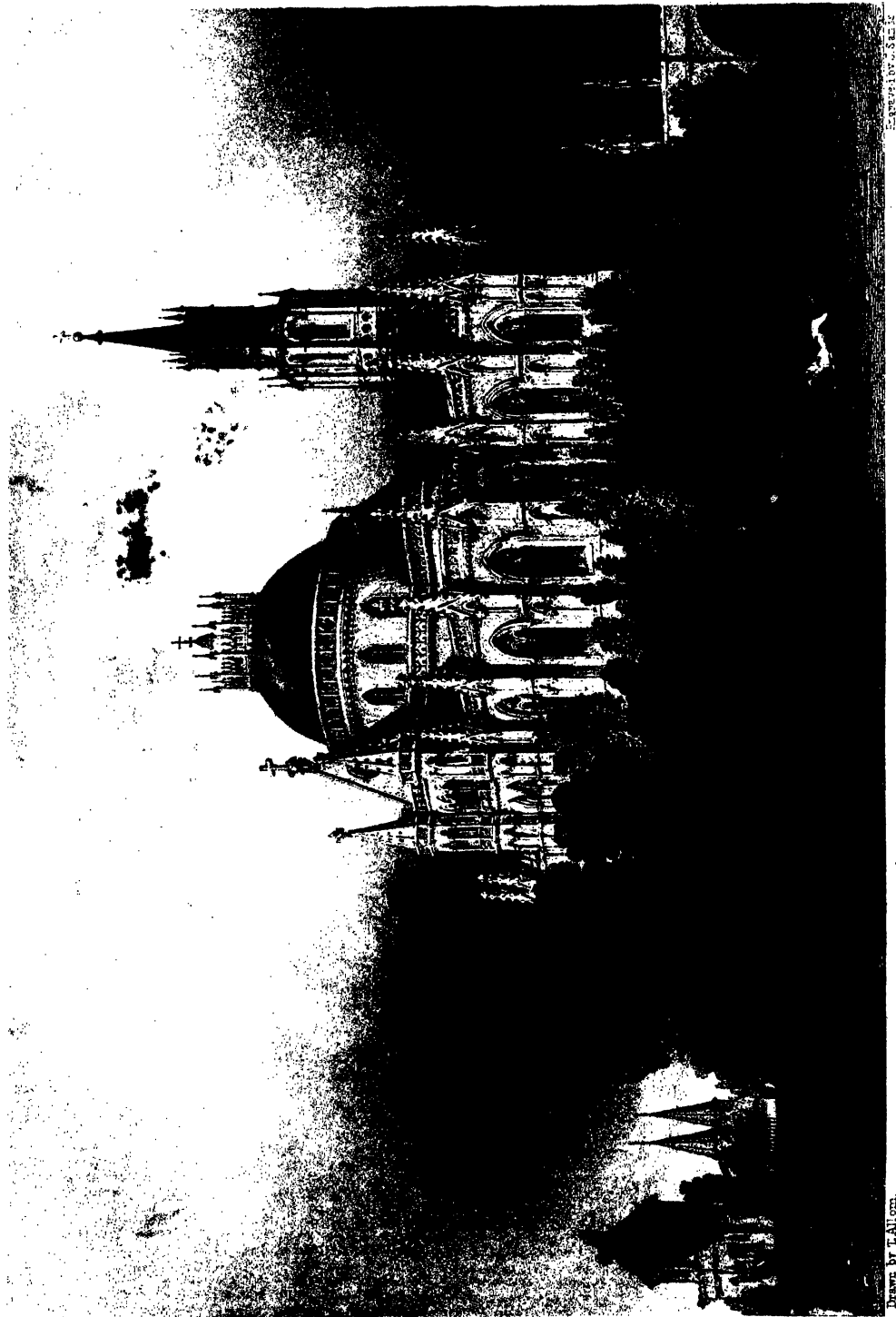
SEATED on a little plain, and encircled by lofty mountains, the village of Luz presents an appearance of security and repose that is seldom witnessed in a higher degree. Three great gorges terminate in the mountain-basin occupied by the valley of Luz, and the torrents, that pour forth from them, separate in the plain into numerous sparkling rivulets. Luz is soon recognized by the tourist with his guide-book in hand, from the silvery streams that hasten through it, towards the great river that sweeps past the rocky foundation of St. Sauveur. He soon finds it to be his best place for refreshment and seclusion; and should he happen to arrive in an autumnal evening, his enjoyment

will be heightened by a variety of accompaniments to the beauty of the view. A fertile field is intersected by a thousand glittering streams; the summits are sometimes golden, sometimes purple, of the surrounding mountains; while innumerable villages, cottages, hanging woods, convey an air of grandeur, combined with the pleasing ideas of plenty and fertility.

From the Pic de Bergons, immediately behind the village, the triangular basin, into which the passes of Bareges, St. Sauveur, and Pierrefitte open, are distinctly viewed, and the serenity and retirement of the valley most agreeably enjoyed. On this delightful and commanding eminence, there are the ruins of a cell, said to have been the residence of an eremite. "Well might the hermit, if such a being ever did really occupy the rudely constructed building on this little hill, have sought this situation for its beauty and repose. Nothing I have ever seen and felt, or perhaps shall ever see or feel again, can surpass this lovely scene, for the perfect picture of peace presented by its every aspect. If one requisite for the enjoyment of peace be a sense of security, we find it here, in the majestic mountains rising on every hand, some to the height of six or seven thousand feet above the level of the verdant plain which lies below you, extending to the distance of about two miles in length by one in breadth. If, in order to calm the stirrings of anxiety and apprehension, which the accustomed habits of the world have rendered a second nature, it is necessary for our peace that we should see around us the industry of man facilitating the produce of a fertile soil, we have it here in more than ordinary perfection; for, not only in the valley, but far up the sides of these majestic mountains, at an altitude never reached by the cultivation of colder climes, are thousands of little barns and cottages, their white gables gleaming out from clumps of tufted wood; and villages, with their little rustic churches, sometimes half buried in the deep ravines, at others standing out, like fairy citadels, on the point of some bold promontory, which catches the beams of the declining sun. And then the rich deep woods, with which some of the lateral hills are crowned, and the patches of different kinds of cultivation extending to an almost miraculous height, all different in their tints, yet all blending into a beautiful mosaic, in perfect harmony with the colouring of a southern climate."

Nor is it the smiling landscape below, or the sublime, untrodden heights of the mountain above, which constitute the sole interest of this view. The scene is diversified by many vestiges of antiquity, which carry back the thoughts to former times, and thus form a link of communion between the present and the past. One of these, a very ancient ruin, said to be of Roman origin, stands on an almost perpendicular mass of bold bare rock, rising like an island in the green valley, and situated as if to guard the entrance into that of Bastan. It is called the Fort of St. Marie; and not the least interesting portion of its history is, that it was once occupied by the English, led here by the Black Prince, when his court was at Bordeaux, and much of this part of France was subject to his sway.

The most interesting remnant of antiquity, however, still surviving at Luz, both as regards its destination and perfection, is the Templars' Church, standing in the centre of the



Drawn by T. Allon.

Copyright 1854.

The King's Chapel at Geneva.

town. Partaking of the military and monastic styles, the round-church, an emblematic Temple, is enclosed by an embattled wall, and entered through a machicolated gateway. Towers, and loop-holes, and battlements, and crosswork bars, convey little idea of that freedom which Christianity gives, or ought to give, to the conscience of its votary. This possibly may be accounted for by the pride of those warriors of the Cross, to whom the building owes its origin—men who could not humble themselves sufficiently before the altar, nor elevate themselves enough above their fellow-creatures. The eleventh century may be considered the date of its erection, and the style of the building may be named Romanesque. A built-up doorway, originally but a few feet in height, and situated in a dark part of the church, was the entrance through which alone the poor proscribed Cagots came to prayers. The situation of this caste was singular, yet not peculiar, for it resembles that of the Cretins in the Alps. They are found only in the French Pyrenees, and in past ages were shut out from society as lepers, cursed as heretics, abhorred as cannibals: their feet were pierced with an iron, and they were obliged to wear an egg-shell on their dress, by way of distinction. Civilization, however, has released them from cruelty, although, where they do exist, they are more despised and suspected than the English gipsy.

THE KING'S CHAPEL, AT DREUX.

“ Long time the chiefs with rival glory crown'd,
Dealt equal slaughter thro' the regions round ;
At length, by factious rage in vain assail'd,
The righteous cause and Henri's arms prevail'd.” *The Henriade.*

THE foundation of Dreux is of very ancient date, and its history, although brief, is momentous. Its site also is remarkable, and, in many respects agreeable and convenient, being enclosed, for a considerable portion of its area, by the river Blaise, which separates at this place into numerous branches before it falls into the fast-swelling Eure. It was on the plain that lies between the Blaise and the Eure, that one of those dreadful scenes of slaughter was displayed, which offer so specious an argument to infidels against the truth and beauty of Christianity. The “Journée de Dreux” is the designation by which the most sanguinary of those battles, fought during the religious wars of France, is known in history. The Duke of Guise led the Roman Catholic forces, and the Huguenots were headed by the brave Condé. For that time the fortune of the former prevailed, and the Prince of Condé, being defeated and made prisoner, was treated as his gallantry deserved. It is said that the Duke, after the battle, shared his bed with his illustrious prisoner, and that these chivalrous men, whom false notions of honour, and more false still of religion, made mortal enemies, slept soundly and securely side by side.

But the victory was not destined to be of long enjoyment; the defeated party had yet a triumph reserved for them also; Spain and The League professed that they

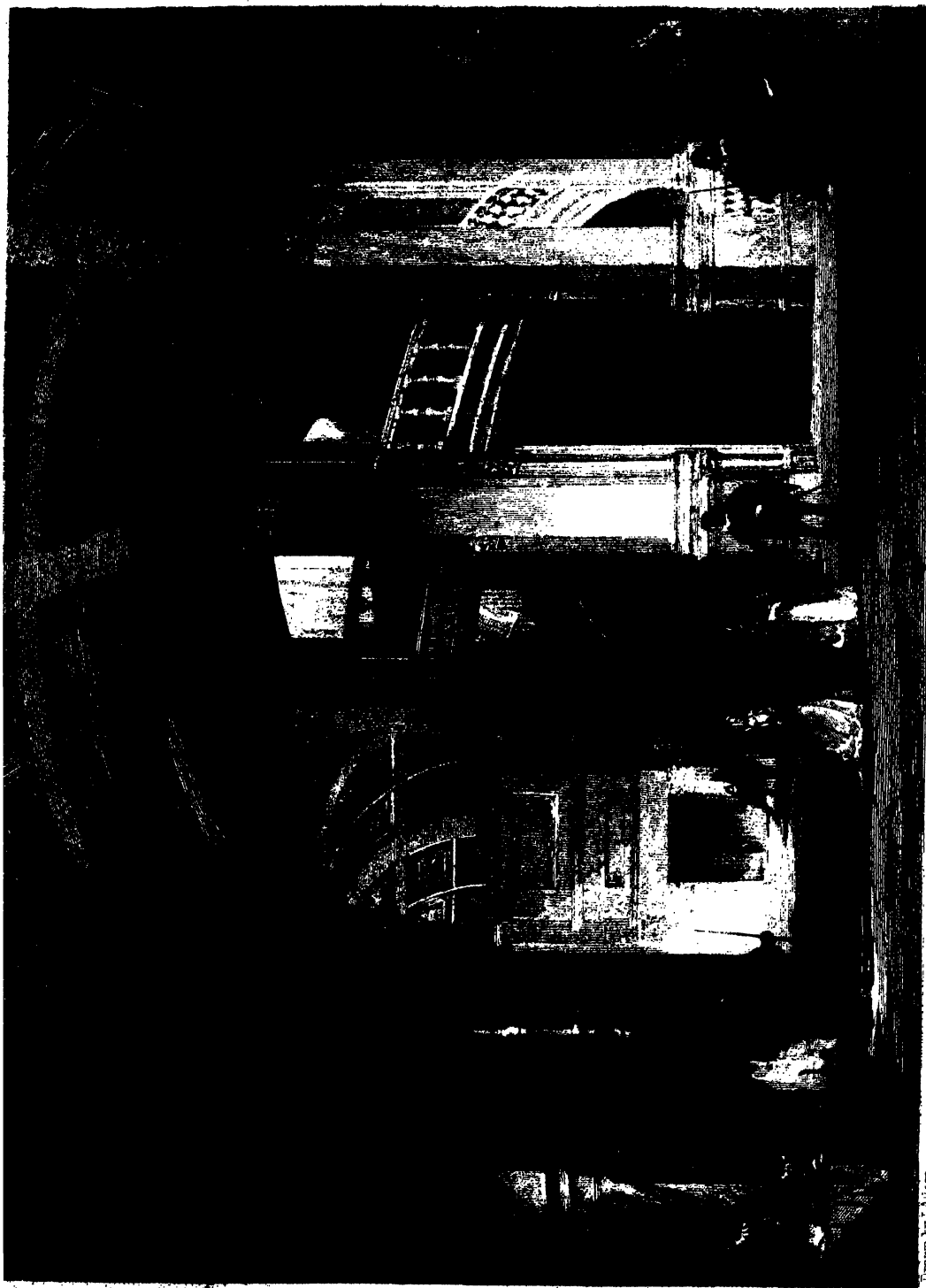
had power to elect a king, but, while they hesitated, lost both the reputation and reality. "Henri Quatre," not accustomed to inactivity, and availing himself of the weakness of the League, assembled his forces in the vicinity of Paris. Incensed at the rejection of the truce which he had offered, and desirous of rendering the general wish for peace more ardent, by a comparison of its enjoyments with the horrors of war, he laid siege to Dreux, which was only sixteen leagues distant from the capital. That metropolis depended on it for a great part of the provisions indispensable towards the support of its numerous inhabitants. Though the garrison of Dreux made a brave defence, and held out the citadel for more than a month, they were at length reduced to capitulate.

"At length the friendly gates, by Guise's command
Flung wide, receiv'd the desolating band."

No circumstance could have more forcibly displayed the Duke of Mayne's inability to take the field, and the total want of power, or of inclination, in the Spanish court to extend him assistance, than passive acquiescence in the capture of a place so near and so necessary to Paris. A degree of indignant ridicule was excited throughout the nation, to behold the states convened for the purpose of electing a king, while they were destitute of troops, or of funds, for their necessary protection against a royal army, which might approach the gates unopposed, at any moment. Indignation blended with contempt were felt by the wise, the loyal, and the moderate, at the contemplation of the scene exhibited before their eyes; while Spain and The League, unable to prolong the war, yet rapidly declining in strength, contended for the possession of an imaginary crown.

On the hill that hangs over the town are the ruins of the castle of the counts of Dreux, that castle which surrendered to the arms of Henri Quatre. A heavy-looking brick tower, of considerable height, and now employed as a telegraph-station, was its donjon-keep. Its noble and beautiful Roman gateway still survives, and a Gothic chapel, built in 1142, is yet tolerably perfect. The enceinte of the château is now tastefully planted, and converted into agreeable pleasure-grounds; and, in the centre of this venerable and memorable spot, King Louis Philippe, when Duke of Orleans, caused a beautiful Chapel, designed in the Greek manner, to be erected as the mausoleum of his race. This exquisite record of the monarch's taste contributes the chief feature of the accompanying illustration. The parish church exhibits two different ages in architecture, and possesses little interest, but the hotel de ville is a venerable and imposing structure. It was commenced in the Gothic style, and finished in that florid Greek introduced at the renaissance; on the merits of which, however, the tribunal of art has long declined giving judgment. Here may be seen a very curious chimney-piece, and a bell cast in the IXth Charles's reign, on which is represented, in relief, a procession of the Flambards.

Dreux is the birthplace of Rotrou, the tragic poet, whose tomb is in the Church of Saint Peter—of Metzcan, the architect—of Philidor, the chess-player,—and of that gallant soldier, Senarmont.



Engraved by J. Tinsley

Drawn by L. Allen

CHÂTEAU OF CHAMBORD.

" Yet soothing more
To meditation's eye, than when thy pomps
Made night outshine the day." J. S. H.

FEW of the many palaces, that dot and decorate the surface of this long-civilized land, exceed in costliness and design the noble Château of Chambord. Like others of its kindred structures, it stands upon a spacious plain, and in the midst of a park of many miles in circumference. The idea, embodied in the conception of Fontainebleau, Chantilly, and Chambord, appears to have been—"beauty sleeping in the lap of horror,"—civilization surrounded by untamed nature; and, at the present day, probably, the intention of the founder is more fully illustrated than before, herds of deer being constantly seen passing close to the silent towers of the château, at a speed that indicates their natural wildness.

It was in the year 1526, that the accomplished and chivalrous prince, Francis I., laid the foundation of this vast structure, and for the remainder of his life he persevered assiduously in completing it, keeping two thousand men incessantly employed on the works. Although Primaticcio has the honour of the design, he most probably did little more than translate into practice the theory of his royal master. This is the more probable from the circumstances under which, and the time at which, the foundations were laid. During the campaigns of Francis in the north of Italy, and his subsequent captivity in Spain, he had acquired a familiarity with the palatial architecture of both countries; and, on his return to France, he resolved upon erecting such a home of royalty, as would surpass the delicacy of one style, the solemnity and strength of the other. And his attempt has not been unsuccessful. After his decease, the second Henry continued the building with unabated zeal. Charles IX. followed his example; and the quaint low screen at the back of the palace, from a design by the celebrated Mansard, was set up in the fifteenth Louis's reign.

The château contains four hundred and forty chambers, thirteen grand or principal staircases, and the stables include standings for twelve hundred horses. "Here," says a native chronicler, "Francis I. indulged his taste for gallantry; here the arts first sprang into life in France; and here Stanislaus Leczinsky dwelt during nine whole years." In 1745, the château was assigned, by Louis XV., to Marshal Saxe, who closed his eventful history within its gloomy walls five years afterwards. The domain, consisting of eleven thousand acres, five hundred of which are afforested, the remainder devoted to agriculture, was erected into the principality of Wagram, under the Empire, and conferred by Napoleon upon his favourite, Marshal Berthier. The château and estate being offered for sale by the widow of the Marshal, a company

was formed for the purpose of buying it, which they effected for the sum of 1,542,000 francs. This event occurred soon after the assassination of the Duke of Berri, then the favourite of the people; and the horror which an act so cruel created throughout the kingdom, led to the generous conception of purchasing this noble château by public subscription, and presenting it to his son, the Duke of Bourdeaux, in the name of the French people. The gift, which was tendered on the 1st of May, 1821, the birthday of the prince, was accepted in the spirit of its presentation, and a sum of money is annually expended in keeping the buildings in repair, although the illustrious owner is an exile from the land.

The most celebrated architectural curiosity of the palace, one which sustains little injury from neglect or want of restoration, is the double staircase in the tower of the Fleur-de-lis. It is in a spiral form, and two parties may pass up and down at the same time without meeting. It opens on every floor into spacious corridors, furnished with fire-places, and arched over with solid masonry. In some compartments of the ceilings are seen the devices of Henri II. and Diana of Poitiers, entwined with the crescent; in others, the salamander and cipher of Francis I. In the reign of Louis XIV., the corridor which is represented in the illustration, was converted into a theatre, and there the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" of Moliere, was performed, for the first time, in the year 1670, the author being the manager also of the *corps dramatique*.

ST. BEAT, — EASTERN PYRENEES.

"No barrier wall, no river deep and wide,
No horrid crags, no mountains dark and tall
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul."

BYRON.

ONE of the last towns in France, towards the Spanish frontiers, is also one of the most romantic in aspect, and secluded in position. Where the many narrow dales unite, that the French Pyrenees enclose, overhang, and shelter and beautify, there St. Beat enjoys the protection of its tutelar patron, and is eminently distinguished by the scenic graces that surround it. The vale of the Garonne, a name available to designate, collectively, many a separate and lonely landscape, consists of expansions into broad and verdant valleys, contractions into rocky defiles, and passes where habitations may find a space to intrude by encroaching upon the torrent that boldly asserts its prescriptive right. It is in one of these latter-named recesses, where silence and solitude long have reigned, that the village of St. Beat is situated: here the Garonne, always rapid, is precipitated over a ledge of rocks, and the sound of the falling waters is caught by the mountain-hollows, and returned with multiplied murmurs. The houses stand on the water's margin, but are protected from any sudden inundation by a well-built



Engraved by A. Wilmore.

embankment; and their exterior, antique in design, acquires a sort of respectful consideration from being built of marble. On either side of the river the mountains rise with Pyrenean abruptness; they recede so little while they rise so high, that the scene is rendered singularly sad and sombre. On a rocky eminence overlooking the town stand the ruins of an ancient castle, useful in those days of barbarous warfare, when to border feuds, which were little more than predatory excursions, was conceded the dignity of national strife. Every inhabited station in this locality has its little history; one, the Pont du Roi, unites and separates two ancient and mighty kingdoms; the Val d'Aran was once the domain of France, but in 1192 was conveyed to a Prince of Aragon, by his consort Beatrix de Comminges; and Fos has been the scene of the most violent depredations. But such fortunes are ever inseparable from border towns, and debateable districts.

Two wide ways constitute the whole of St. Beat, that on the right bank of the Garonne is shown in the illustration; but the other, which is connected with it by a one-arched bridge, is of greater extent, and includes the market-place and town-hall. Several handsome dwelling-houses adorn the principal street, and, on the river-side is a shady walk, the favourite promenade of both townspeople and visitors. Tourists will encounter many objects of attraction in ranging round the site of St. Beat. Of these none is more interesting than the great natural curiosity, the source of the noble stream that rolls past the town, called by the Spaniards, Ojos de Garonna; by the French, l'Œil de la Garonne. The path that leads to the grotto of the river-god is accompanied by the most varied and delightful scenery; passing Bososte, the road approaches the venerable ruins of Castel-leon, leaving on the right the narrow entrance of the valley of Artigues Telline, in which one of the chief sources of the river is situated. Telline vale is particularly celebrated in the south of France for its sublimity and primitive magnificence; it is clothed with a continuous forest, save where rocky masses protrude, or rich patches of verdure intervene.

In the centre stands the little hamlet of Artigues, romantically situated, having a rich and beautiful vale on one side; on the other, a cataract always full and foaming, and furiously dashing against the cold hard rocks that form its bed. Passing this artery of the great river by a bridge of marble, human habitations become rare, and the plains are no longer in view, and the green meadows diminish in the distance. An ancient hermitage is next reached, and near it the ruins of an hospicium, where the weary traveller once found that rest and refreshment, which the generosity of other days liberally extended to the stranger; and thence the pathway lies through a dense forest which the sun's rays never penetrate, until at length it opens suddenly on a wide and level space named the plain of Goueou. Here a prodigious gulf, widely yawning, throws up two continuous torrents of water, into a vast reservoir which nature has supplied for their reception, and it is from this basin of living stone that the Garumna of the Romans, but Garonne of the French, derives its chief supply.

RUE DE LA GROSSE HORLOGE, ROUEN.

"The clock upbraids me with the waste of time."

SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY street of this ancient city presents a picture to the eye, or a record to the memory. The most splendid memorials have been raised, through successive ages, to piety, heroism, literature, art; and the progress of civilization may be traced in the streets and places of Rouen, as in the page of written history. These ideas are uniformly produced by a first visit to this venerable city, and have been very agreeably expressed by the author of "Excursions in Normandy." "The great number of houses which are adorned with basso-relievos, arabesques, pillars, or other architectural decorations, and which, to judge from their appearance, must have belonged mostly to plain citizens, attest that the people had a taste for art, and thus form a strong contrast with the flat uniformity of the buildings of modern times. It produces a singular impression when one sees beside a house of this kind, gray with age and storms, the spruce finery of a shop of the nineteenth century. In those ancient houses are reflected the tranquillity and the gravity of the time." . . . "The houses of the middle ages were small churches; the churches of the present day are large shops, that's the difference. Whoever doubts this, let him come to Rouen, examine the small houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, within and without, seek to apprehend the solemn tranquillity of the chiaro-oscuro in the rooms, the gravity of the fireside, that high altar on which stood the household-gods of our ancestors; then let him at night travel by post to Paris, that next morning he may attend matins at Nôtre Dame de Lorette, Rue Lafitte. The thing will then be much clearer to him. The times, their ideas, their notions, their wants, are reflected in all that men do; and therefore, every stone that leaves any trace of its age attests the character and the pursuits of the men of that age."*

This light and cheerful picture of days past by, and allusion to customs and tastes that once prevailed, is accurately faithful, and the Street of the Great Clock affords the most indisputable testimony to its correctness. The houses on either side of this ancient avenue are tall, narrow, enriched, perhaps encumbered, with basso-relievos, scrolls, and architraves, nor do they seem to have ever been appropriated to other than their present uses. In the narrowest part of this vista of architectural designs a flattened arch is thrown across, and on it rests a square heavy structure with a lofty roof in the manner of the day. This massive gate-house was erected in 1527, and to mark the passage of the traveller, a clock-dial on a more than usually enlarged scale is placed against its front. The clock-house, however, is but an appendage to the singular-looking tower of the Befroi, which ranges with the houses on one side of the street, and it is from this belfry that the curfew is still tolled "at parting day" in Rouen.



Designed by J.B. Allen

Engraved by J.B. Allen

A CABARET IN THE PYRENEES.

(RAINY DAY.)

The rattling thunders roll, and Juno pours
 A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
 The company dispers'd, to coverts ride,
 And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side

DRYDEN.

FEW who have not journeyed in a mountainous country, as pedestrians, or otherwise, are able to appreciate the true character of that highland welcome which the cabaret affords. It is often, perhaps, at the moment when the severity of the weather becomes no longer tolerable, and when physical ability is well nigh exhausted, that the homely, humble hospicium sometimes advances into the picture, and suggests the cheerful lay, always ready on the traveller's lips amidst exciting scenery. Here, when the mists magnify into substantial volumes of rain, driven along with the impetuosity that characterizes those hurricanes that sweep down the mountain-breast, or rush through the long vista of a narrow vale, all classes indiscriminately fly for shelter; and the contrast between the merciless movements of the elements without, and the cheerful protection within, contributes to increase the estimation in which the latter is necessarily held. Misfortune generally levels all distinctions, and so is it in the cabaret during a rainy day, when the tourist, whose sole pursuit is pleasure,—the sportsman, distinguished by his generic name,—and the peasant, whose toils are inevitably suspended, meet in the same apartment, and are reduced to a perfect equality of fellowship. Much difference, however, exists in their mode of whiling away the time: the husbandman, forgetting the labours of the field, becomes a politician; poets, painters, and anglers generally maintain, in these cabaret-soirées, the supremacy of their respective pursuits; while the determined tourist takes time by the forelock, and prepares, by a comfortable repast, for the fatigues of a forced march.

The furniture of a Pyrenean cabaret is especially primitive, and the domestic economy not very deserving of imitation. One side of the common reception-room is usually occupied by a bed (*lit clos*) concealed by heavy curtains; another, by a huge fire-place, where a pile of wood is constantly burning, and a vessel of some sort as constantly hanging by a chain over the blaze. Chairs of various patterns, stools, a round table, and a large oaken chest, complete the regular inventory of chattels. From the ceiling various articles depend, and an equal variety occupies the shelves, that are placed rather out of reach—for wise purposes, doubtless. Amongst these articles and objects may be noticed a dead chamois, sausages, shoes, hams, candles, onions, bladders full of lard, pots and pipkins, crucifixes, bottles, harness, &c.

Under the peculiar necessities of the case, these accumulated inconveniences pass uncensured by the visitor, who, cold and hungry, hastens to the chimney-corner, and aspires with ardour to the seat of honour. Meanwhile the active hostess is busied in serving up trout and eggs, the most grateful food to an English palate that is to be found in a Pyrenean cabaret. Whatever meat or vegetables they have here, are fried in lard, and the former is generally covered with a thick green sauce, much too heavy for delicate stomachs. Tea is seldom to be procured in these little inns, and even a draught of milk is purchased at a high cost.

CAUTERETS, HIGH PYRENEES.

Beneath Heaven's canopy of blue and gold,
 From the high mountain-tops let me look forth !
 Yonder, from snowy realms that gave him birth,
 Rolls the rapid torrent—uncontrolled.

From Pierrefitte to Cauterets, the usual route for travellers in search of the picturesque, and of invalids proceeding to the thermal springs, lies through the gorge on the right of a huge hill that hangs over the former of these romantic villages. Pic du Midi de Viscos, upwards of seven thousand feet above sea-level, divides the valley of Luz from the narrow, deep, dell, at the extreme end of which Cauterets is at length discovered. Leaving Argelez and ascending the gorge, scenery of the rudest character encloses the traveller; but, the retrospect from its wildest part, just where the Gave precipitates itself over a great limestone ledge, is a picture of richness and repose. Crossing this limestone ridge by means of an opening partly natural, but principally artificial, the village of Cauterets, encircled and overhung by lofty pine-clad mountains, suddenly makes its appearance; and no spot in the whole series of natural beauties concentrated in the southern departments of France, presents a more happily-composed picture.

There is an amusing contrast between the civic air of this little village, to which the inhabitants, about a thousand in number, are ambitious enough to aspire for their town—and the romantic character of the secluded valley where Cauterets reposes. The market-place is distinguished by an hôtel de ville; the churches are sufficiently large and numerous for the permanent population; inns and lodging-houses abound; a reading-room is established; the streets are regularly paved, and kept with a considerable degree of cleanliness and propriety; and in the suburbs are promenades and shaded avenues for the accommodation of *the public*.

The new pump-room, or, more correctly speaking, bathing establishment, is at the foot of the steep hill de Perraute, close to the town, and is supplied from the spring called les Espagnols—an epithet derived either from a king of Aragon who was healed



Map of S. P. 101

by bathing here, or more probably from the great number of Spaniards who have from time immemorial visited the spot. The old baths occupy their primitive positions on the hills, at some distance from the town; and, as the conveyance thither of invalids constitutes a very chief source of revenue to the inhabitants, wretched as the bathing-houses are, they will not readily be abandoned for sites less distant. At every house in Cauterets, horses, or voitures, are to be had for hire; and, so steep is the ascent to the original baths, that the most robust persons only are able to perform the journey on foot. For others a litter, or chaise à porteur, is provided, in which the patient is carried leisurely to any part of the surrounding hills.

Sixteen different springs supply the baths of Cauterets; the waters are sulphureous, varying in warmth from 100° to 120° of Fahrenheit. Several of them rise in Perraute mountain, several others on the banks of the Marcadaou. Of the latter, the most frequented is the Raillère; it is covered by a building of architectural design and fair proportions, which is in excellent keeping with the sterile picture of naked rock and overhanging precipice that characterizes the spot. These waters are warmer, and more strongly impregnated with sulphur, even than those of Bareges; and the concourse by which they are daily visited during the season—July and August—has rendered the construction of about thirty cabinets des bains necessary. Bath-houses, however, are scattered over the sides of the mountains at various heights from the valley, and some in situations agreeable and romantic. The spring of Montmorency is within a natural grotto, and pours forth a stream too hot for the hand to continue in; the Bath du Prè is sheltered by a cluster of rocks grown over with lichens; and the Fountain du Bois, although one of the highest and most inconvenient of approach, is a favourite brunnens, possessing several cabinets.

So near to the Spanish frontier, this vicinity has always been much visited by those who dwell just over the border, and the resident population is now a mixed race. "Cauterets," says Mrs. Ellis, "is in one respect the strangest-looking place in the Pyrenees, being almost filled with Spaniards, to whose exclusive use one set of its many baths is appropriated. We went to see these baths in a drizzling rain; and the heat and steam of the water, with the apparent poverty and filth of the Spaniards, rendered the place by no means agreeable for a protracted stay. I never saw a people who struck me so much, and yet none so difficult to describe, as those Spaniards. They seem to be all poor, and yet so dignified, so imposing, and so peculiar in their appearance, that one stands still and gazes on them, as when some distinguished person passes."

L E S E A U X B O N N E S,

HIGH PYRENEES.

The pine-clad mountains boldly rise
 Round many a hot and healing spring ;
 And cloudless are the azure skies,
 With health on every Zephyr's wing.

FROM Lauruns, the road to Eaux Bonnes is a continuous ascent of three whole miles; and such is the steepness of the acclivity, that travellers generally alight, and relieve the horses from their burden during the greater part of this weary way. It is while performing this act of compassion, that they are uniformly accosted by a number of applicants, requesting leave to supply bread, milk, or any other description of provisions in their possession. Persons less blessed with worldly treasures, solicit a portion from the stranger; and the passing peasants, females especially, eagerly inquire whether the party came all the way from Paris, which they consider to be the centre of the world—at least of the world of fashion. “The women here,” says Mrs. Ellis, “and indeed all those in the vale d’Ossau, appear to be of an Amazonian race—tall, upright, agile, well-formed, and with rich, glowing complexions; their dress, most frequently a close jacket of thick blue cloth, with a short petticoat of the same material, extremely wide, and drawn together in a prodigious number of close plaits at the waist. Over the head they wear a scarlet, and sometimes a dark-blue capulet, in warm weather often disposed upon the head in deep, thick folds, so as to give an air of majesty to the face and the whole figure.”

When the summit is reached, and the traveller re-enters his carriage, Eaux Bonnes is in sight—the terminus of the road, and, as it is often pleasantly styled, “the end of the world.” It consists of a single street, composed of spacious and handsome hotels and lodging-houses, with a pretty chapel standing at the upper end of the village. No geographical epithet describes with truth the character of this lovely little place, which is hardly entitled to the name of village, or hamlet, but is rather a town in miniature. A wooden bridge spans the torrent, that issues from the mountain separating Eaux Bonnes from Valentin; and the whole extent of the former, that is, of the hollow in which the town stands, is included between this little river and the mountain at the upper end of the street, distinguished by a summer-house, on a rock that protrudes from its broken and precipitous front. On every side steep mountains impend; and so small is the disposable space in the cul de sac, or basin, which they form, that several of the hotels are built in excavations made in the rocky bases of the hills. Fortunately for the beauty of the scene, one side only of the street is built, the space reserved for the other being now covered with a most luxuriant wood of weeping and



Lac du Grand-Perron



other trees, that add considerably to the pleasantness of the place. Behind this grove is a promenade for visitors, who, however, when sufficiently robust to do so, prefer a tour to the beautiful cascades that abound in the gorges of the surrounding pics; those of the Valentin, and De Gros Hêtre are the most frequently visited.

Besides the allurements of enchanting scenery, the convenience of public walks, like the promenade Jacqueminot, and path to the Butte de Tresor, the baths of this place constitute a real attraction. At the upper end of the street is one of the chief bath-houses, supplied by the spring that rises in the Butte de Tresor. The waters of this fountain are drank cold, but warmed for bathing; they are recommended in pulmonary complaints, and have long been celebrated for their virtues. It is said that the Bearnais followers of Henri d'Albret, after the battle of Pavia, for the cure of their wounds repaired to these wells, which were henceforth called Eaux d'Arquebusade. There are, however, three separate and distinct springs, known as the Old, the New, and d'Ortechy fountains; they possess similar properties, although differing a little in temperature, and are believed to afford relief in chronic affections of the viscera, in intermitting fevers, in cutaneous diseases, and in hypochondria.

L A C D E G A U B E, P Y R E N E E S.

“ . . . The mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky.”

THERE are effects almost magical, at all events dramatic, produced by the mode in which the traveller is at first introduced to a sight of the Lac de Gaube. A steep, rugged path strikes through a pine wood, by the torrent's side, and, winding amongst roots, fallen trunks, and huge debris, suddenly opens upon the gloomy space where the green waters of the lake lie resting. Its elevation above sea-level, although some thousand feet, adds nothing to the interest of this gloomy pool; its circumference, not exceeding three miles, is inconsiderable; but its depth in the centre is upwards of two hundred feet. It is assuredly a solitary spot—without a tree, save the dark green pines—without a dwelling, save the fisherman's lonely hut. The steep bare precipices around are marked by occasional lines of black and blasted pine trees, and by groups of rocks, which are arrested in their fall, and form accumulations that are gradually increasing every winter. The centre of this grand scene is occupied by the mass of the majestic Vignemale, one of the highest mountains in France, beautifully varied in outline, and so broken as to present broad masses of light and shade at all hours and seasons. It is eternally capped with dazzling snow, and from its dissolving glaciers descend the unfailing supplies that feed the Lake and the Gave.

Many peaks invite the ambitious pedestrian; one only, the Petit Pic, is attainable; but, with a cautious and a competent guide, each ridge on ridge, that rises from the lake

in giant-stairs, may be securely visited, and the icy source of the Gave examined with interest. "What renders this place yet more melancholy than nature made it, is a circumstance that took place here some few years ago. It is said to have been a bright and beautiful morning, when an English bride and bridegroom, on their wedding tour, went out upon this lake, in the fisherman's rudely-constructed boat, the very same which we saw lying by the shore. Little seems to be known of the awful event that followed, except that those who stood on the shore relate, that when the boat was about the middle of the lake, the figure of the man was seen stooping overboard—that the female, alarmed for his safety, rushed to the same side; and thus, the vessel being overbalanced, both were plunged into a watery grave. The bodies were both found, though one of them not until a month after. They were conveyed to England, and buried at Witham, in Essex. There is a rock, jutting out a little way into the lake, on which a white marble monument, commemorating this event, has been placed, with an inscription, giving a short account of their fate. These words upon the tablet were to me particularly striking—'*Married one month.*' What a conclusion to that portion of life, which mankind have agreed, whether justly or not, to call the happiest in human experience."* Pattison was the name of the ill-fated pair.

THE PONT DU CHANGE, LYONS.

"Where bends the thund'ring Rhone its headlong course,
And doubting Arar glides with gentle force,
There Lyons stands; well called, if truth be told,
An old world in the new—a new world in the old."

SCALIGER.

SEATED at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone, Lyons seemed to require a double number of bridges for its accommodation. Four have spanned the Rhone in this vicinity for many years; and of the ten that crossed its great tributary, four have been destroyed by inundations. It is not a little remarkable that this devastation should have occurred where the waters are always most tranquil; nor can a greater contrast be well imagined than is presented by the two rivers that unite at Lyons. The Rhone runs with prodigious rapidity—the Saone is so sluggish, that it is difficult to say, in contemplating its waters, which way the current sets, and this distinction of character is preserved even at their junction—there, one part of the expanse formed by the united floods maintains its agitated aspect, while the other continues smooth and tranquil. A line of demarcation is observable between them, sloping gradually away till the sleepy Saone is lost at last, and the rapid Rhone remains.

The two noble bridges that form the passage of the Rhone are named *de la Guillotière* and *Morand*. The latter is of wood, with stone piers; the former of stone,

* Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.

and also of very early foundation. The thirteenth century is the period of its construction, and Pope Innocent IV. promoted the work by liberal contributions and papal indulgences to all who assisted with either labour or money. It was anciently the custom to hold a fair at Whitsuntide, just at the *tête du pont*, and its origin is attributed to the following circumstance. A popular sedition having been excited against the magistrates of the city in 1403, the inhabitants of the quartier la Guillotière alone did not take part in it. Vain of their fidelity, they instituted a ceremony, called the Procession of the *Mad Horse*, which was to be celebrated every Whitsuntide in commemoration of the circumstance. The fête grew at length into an established fair.

The Pont du Change, or the Old Bridge of Lyons, is the most ancient of those that cross the Saône. Humbert, archbishop of Lyons in the eleventh century, is supposed to have built it at his sole expense: and a little chapel, or oratory, was erected just over the centre arch in the year 1620, for the purpose of celebrating mass for those who were afflicted with the plague, which then ravaged the city.

The first arch of the bridge visible in the illustration was called the *arch of wonders*, in consequence of a festival that used to be celebrated there in the month of August, in honour of the nineteen thousand Christians massacred under the Emperor Severus. The clergy, in pontificalibus, passed backwards and forwards under the arch, in boats splendidly decorated, chanting a service in honour of the martyrs; and, at the close of this part of the ceremony, a number of bulls and oxen were thrown into the river over the *arch of wonders*, for the amusement of the people. As in the case of the *Mad Horse*, so this ceremony also grew into a regular fair, which was continued to the time of the great revolution.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

"The statue follows the rope's tight strain,
And the horse's legs are broke in twain."

JUVENAL.

In the year 1763 it was resolved by his grateful countrymen, that a statue should be raised to Louis XV. immediately after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the space between the Tuileries' Gardens and the Champs Elysees was chosen for the purpose. The design, supplied by Gabriel, consisted of an octagon marked out by fosses, and with ornamental pavilions at every angle. The centre was adorned with a statue in bronze of Louis XV., executed by Gor, from a model by Bouchardon; but here, for a season, improvement and decoration were suspended. The changes which this now beautiful place has undergone, correspond in number and in consistency with the political revolutions of the kingdom. Just twenty years after its erection the equestrian statue of Louis was pulled down by the people; but so great was the difficulty of dislodging this beautiful and unoffending work of art, that one foot of the horse, with part of the leg

adhering, remained in the socket. On this contingency, corresponding so precisely with the circumstances of Sejanus' statue, when the Roman people grew tired of the minister, an observer remarked "that royalty had still one foot in the stirrup."

In this area, all those horrible executions took place that have left so lasting a stain on the pages of modern history. It was on the spot where the statue stood that the guillotine was erected for Louis XVI. and for his queen and his sister, and for the wives of Desmoulins and Hebert, besides 3000 other political victims, all persons of education and social rank. Place de la Revolution was the name now appropriately given to this memorable spot; and the quality of liberty was openly abused by erecting her emblematic figure on the spot which had witnessed such atrocities.

The name of Place de la Concorde was restored in 1800; the more ancient, Place Louis XV., in 1814; and both rejected some ten years afterwards for Place Louis XVI.; which was exchanged, after the accession of Louis Philippe, for the present designation.

Under the auspices of this monarch the whole area has been paved, the fosses planted, the pavilions surmounted by allegorical statues representing the chief cities of France, and surrounded by forty magnificent candelabra. The central spot, decorated and desecrated alternately through revolving years, is now occupied by an Egyptian monolith, of granite, 72 feet in height—the original Obelisk of Luxor, placed here at an expense exceeding two millions of francs. Carriage-roads, foot-terraces of asphaltic pavement, and fountains embellished with allegorical bronze figures of river-gods, fill up and divide the space around the column. On one side, the entrance to the Champs Elysees, are two lofty pedestals surmounted by restive horses, checked by a groom,—the work of Coustou; these formerly adorned the palace of Marly. They correspond with two other groups at the entrance of the Tuileries Gardens, by Coysevox, which are less meritorious.

"It is scarcely possible to conceive a finer assemblage of architectural or national monuments than the Place de la Concorde presents; and the entrance into Paris from Neuilly, may be pronounced the most majestic approach to any capital in the world."

